SOCIETY SNUBS ROOSEVELT
by CORNELIUS VANDERBILT, Jr.

Liberty

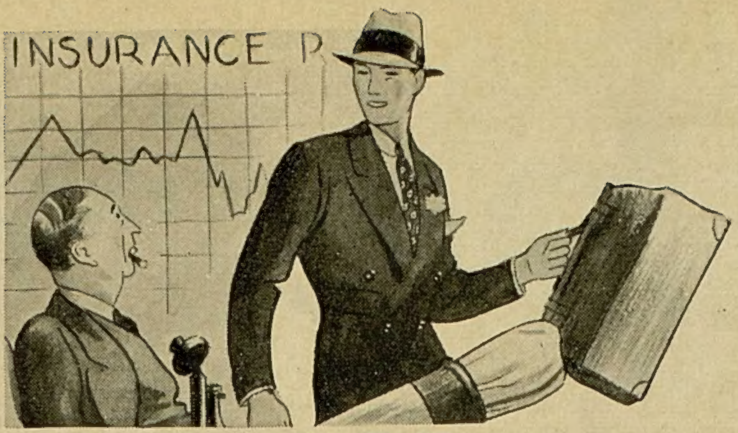
JULY 14,
1934

NRA
MEMBER
U.S.
WE DO OUR PART

5¢

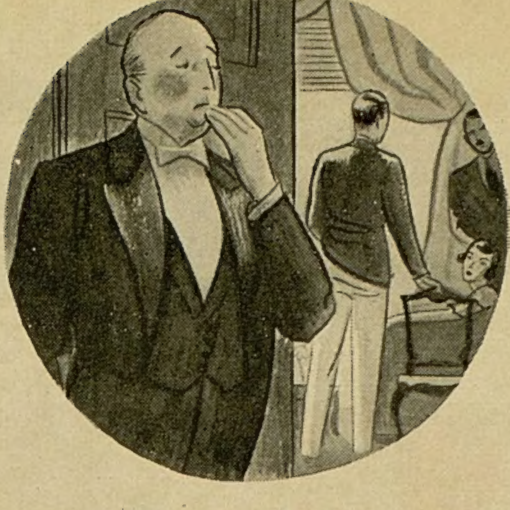
The ROUE'S DAUGHTER by ADELA ROGERS ST. JOHNS

The week-end that started in failure but ended in fortune



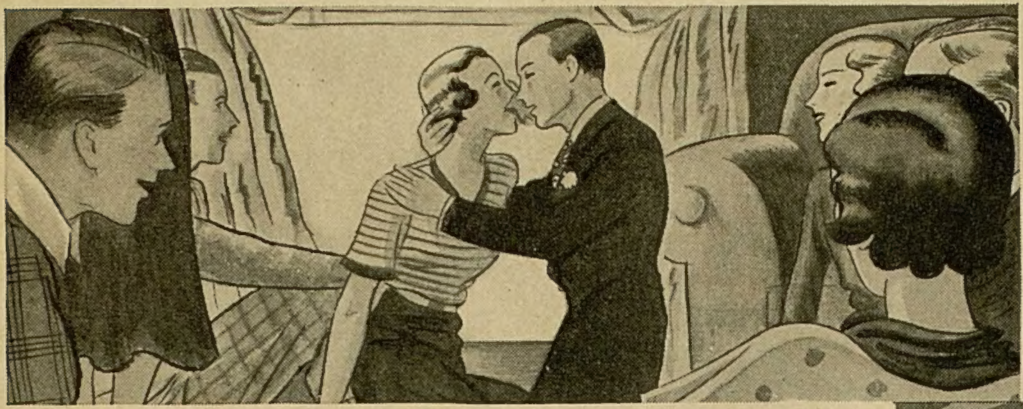
WARREN OFF TO NEWPORT

1 *The Auditor:* "Well of all the lucky guys, getting set with that millionaire Stevens' crowd. If you don't land a lot of insurance, Warren, you're dumb."



WARREN ARRIVES

2 *Butler:* "That young man simply won't do. He's off to a bad start."

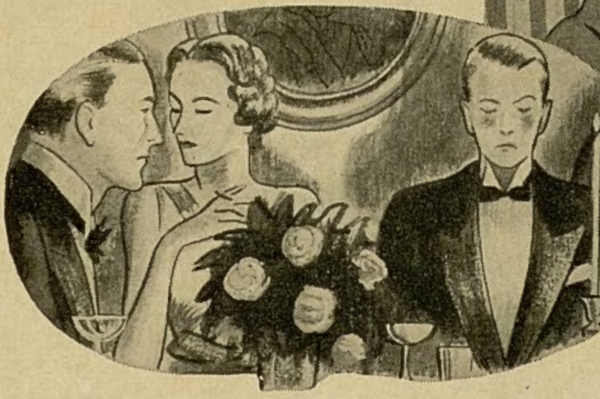


THEY PLAY "NOSE-TO-NOSE," SOCIETY'S NEW GAME

3 *Jean:* "You place the tissue to the nose and the person next to you must take it away from you by breathing through his or her nose. Each one who misses must pay a forfeit. It's barrels of fun and develops your lungs."

JEAN'S PRETTY MAD

4 *Jean:* "If that fellow, Warren, sits next to me I'll never play that game again—not for all of Daddy's money."



THAT NIGHT AT DINNER

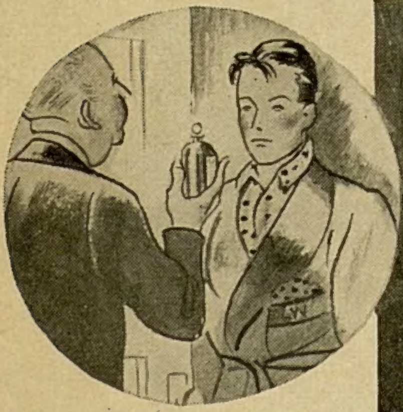
5 *Jean:* "Daddy, can't you do something about this international case of halitosis on my left?"

Mr. Stevens: "I'll put him on a horse in the great outdoors, where he can't offend anybody but the horse."

WARREN'S RIVAL NOW GETS A LOOK IN

6 *Fred:* "I was a little jealous of that fellow Warren yesterday—you were so interested."

Jean: "I made a mistake—he's . . . he's impossible! Everybody avoids him."



WARREN TAKES A TIP

7 *Butler:* "I didn't see any Listerine in your bag, sir, and what with the refreshments and all, I thought you might be needing it. So many men do."

WARREN BACK IN FAVOR AGAIN

8 *Warren:* "I've read about heiresses, but I never sold one an insurance policy until now."

Jean: "Forget business. What I want to know is—will you join us next week at Newport?"

TWO YEARS LATER

9 "Going to the office Monday?"

Warren: "No, I seldom go to the office since I sold that Stevens' crowd a carload of insurance—but Boy, how close I came to failure!"

A Great Business and Social Handicap

At some time or other, everybody is a victim of halitosis (unpleasant breath), the unforgivable fault. Most cases, says a dental authority, are due to fermentation of tiny particles skipped by the tooth brush. The quick, pleasant way to make sure your breath is agreeable is to use Listerine night and morning, and between times before business or social engagements. Listerine halts fermentation and checks the odors arising from it.

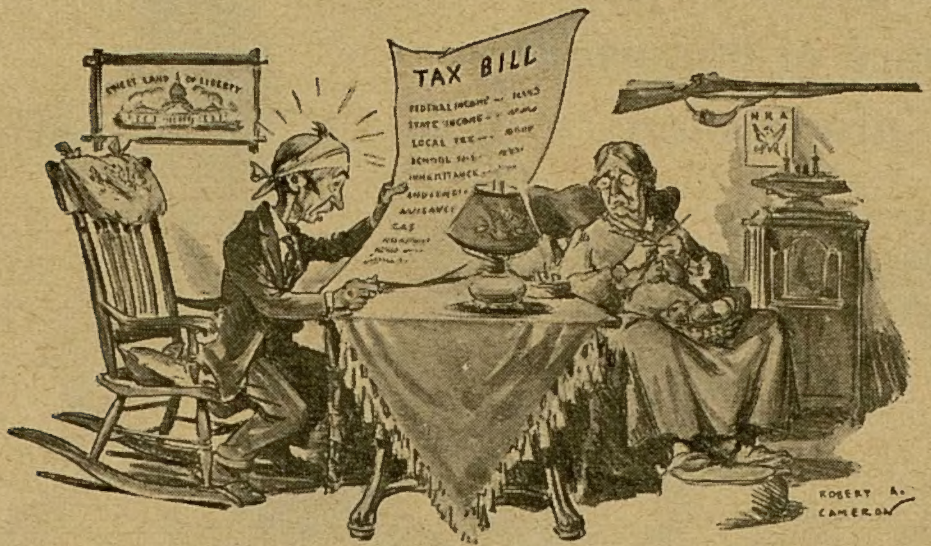
Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, Mo.

Use LISTERINE to check halitosis (*Bad breath*)

JULY 14, 1934 **Liberty** VOL. 11, NO. 28

BERNARR MACFADDEN, PUBLISHER
WALLACE H. CAMPBELL, ART EDITOR
FULTON OURSLER, EDITOR
WM. MAURICE FLYNN, MANAGING EDITOR

"A POWERFUL NATION—MOSTLY DAMN' FOOLS"



THE above satirical criticism was made by a philosophical foreigner after he had given some thought to our financial problems.

High taxes are a universal complaint.

"And we haven't seen anything yet!" is the remark made by one of our soak-the-wealthy legislators.

There may be some fools among us, but our neglect to give serious consideration to politics has undoubtedly brought us many evils. We leave these important problems to the other fellow. What is everybody's business is nobody's business. As a consequence of this neglect we have been bamboozled to an unlimited extent.

Billions of interest-bearing bonds account for a large volume of our high taxes.

	Public Debt of United States	Annual Interest Paid Out	Annual Expenditures
1901......	$ 1,221,572,245	$ 32,342,979	$ 587,685,338
1916......	1,225,145,568	22,900,869	734,056,202
1933......	22,538,672,164	689,365,106	4,029,584,886

The foregoing figures cover only that of our national government. When you add the interest of another $20,000,000,000 of public debts of our states and municipalities and consider this in conjunction with the fact that the annual tax bill of Mr. Johnny Q. Public for the local, state, and national governments which he is supporting probably totals about $10,000,000,000 a year—well, can you blame the average citizen if he complains of an acute attack of disgust with those who are supposed to be looking after his interests?

No one seems to understand the money problem. The explanations of most of the experts are inclined to make the subject still more complicated. The more confusion with which the subject is surrounded, the better it will be for the financiers who are profiting by our present procedure.

This administration has indicated that by the end of this year we will probably have outstanding $32,000,000,000 in interest-bearing bonds. The interest on this huge sum will be over a billion dollars annually. But the bankers holding these bonds are in the peculiarly advantageous position of being able to eat their cake and still have it.

They buy these bonds from the government and they are paid a substantial interest on this investment. But they can take these bonds which they have purchased to the United States Treasury and deposit them as security and in return receive currency, "greenbacks," for an identical amount that the bonds represent. They are receiving interest from the government for the money they have borrowed as long as these bonds are deposited with the government, and they have currency in an equal amount which they can invest as desired.

If the banks can be allowed this privilege, why not an ordinary individual who owns a thousand-dollar or a ten-thousand-dollar bond? Why this favoritism?

There are really no impossible complications about the money problem to any one who will study it carefully. The huge stock of gold that we are accumulating may some day be valuable—if we engage in a war and our credit is questioned in foreign lands. But there is no need for us to settle our foreign debts with gold; it is much more advantageous for us to pay in currency. Currency is bound to come back to us, but gold coins may never return. And as long as our currency is worth one hundred cents on the dollar its value should be recognized throughout the world.

—BERNARR MACFADDEN.

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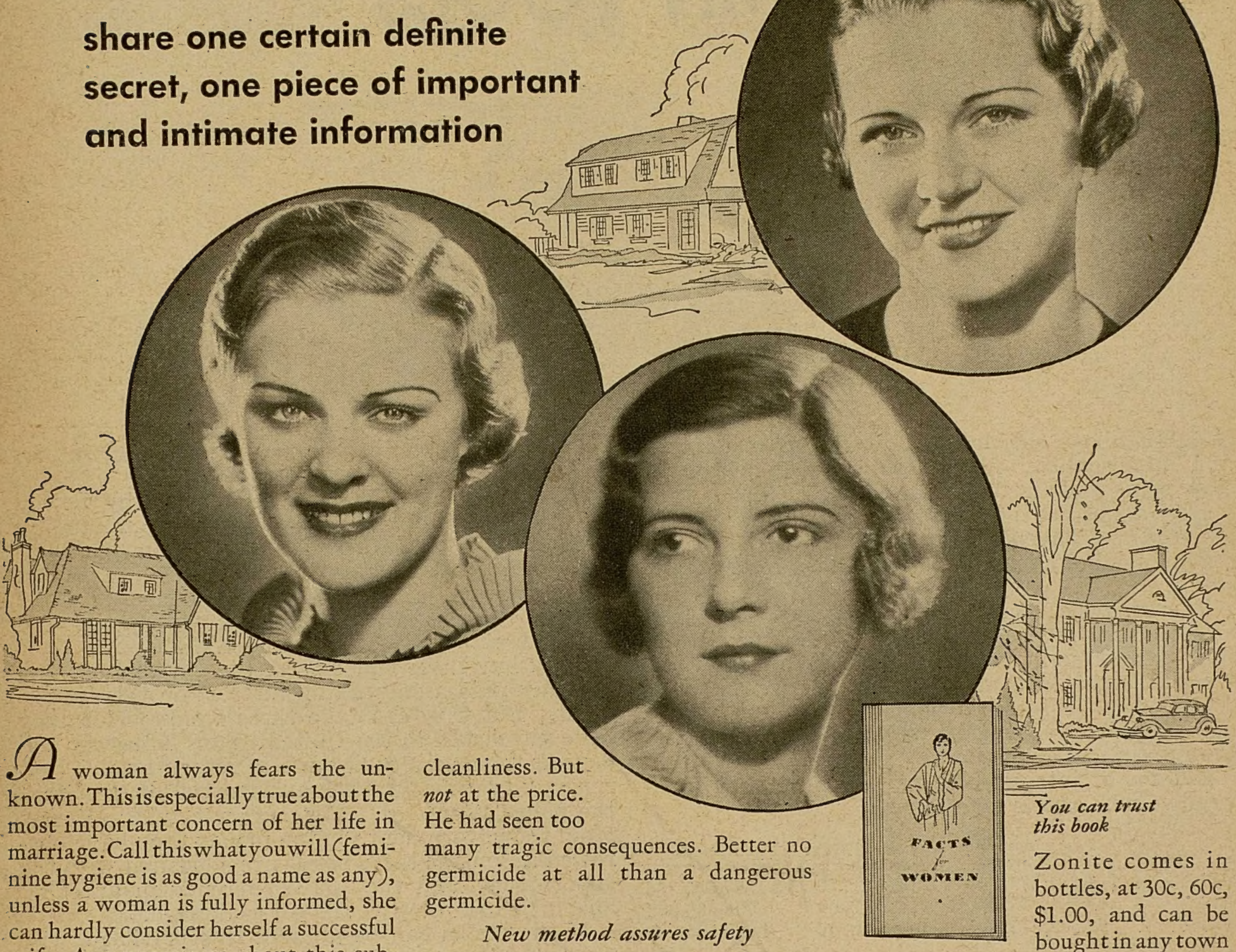
Successful Wives

(in every class of society)

share one certain definite secret, one piece of important and intimate information



You can trust this book

A woman always fears the unknown. This is especially true about the most important concern of her life in marriage. Call this what you will (feminine hygiene is as good a name as any), unless a woman is fully informed, she can hardly consider herself a successful wife. Any uneasiness about this subject cannot fail to affect her happiness.

Why *are* so many young women out-of-date in regard to feminine hygiene? Many of them have actually accepted the teaching of their elders as the last word—and have not even tried to find out the change in modern opinion and method. And there has been a remarkable change.

Why was your mother afraid?

Your mother may have told you that she was afraid of the antiseptics which were powerful enough to provide surgical cleanliness. She might well have been afraid—in *her* day. All the antiseptics of worthwhile strength were *poisonous* and *caustic*. Her doctor commended her refusal to use those poisons. Naturally, he was in favor of cleanliness. But *not* at the price. He had seen too many tragic consequences. Better no germicide at all than a dangerous germicide.

New method assures safety

Life is easier today. Women have a new antiseptic-germicide called *Zonite*, which is as safe as pure water but very powerful. It is the custom to compare all antiseptics with carbolic acid, and when so compared it is found that Zonite is *far more powerful than any dilution* of carbolic acid that can be used on the human body. Yet carbolic acid is a deadly poison.

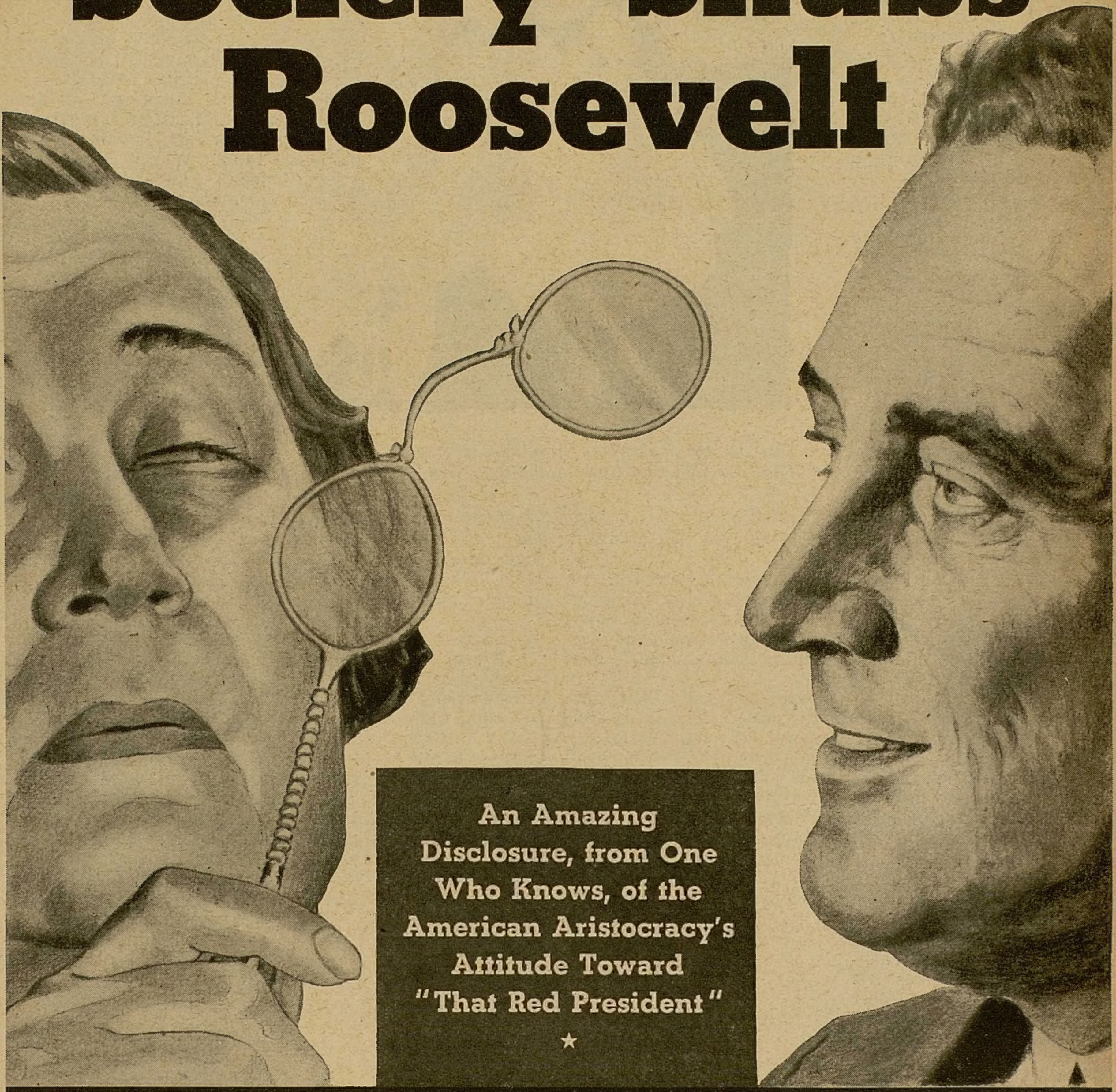
Use Zonite for feminine hygiene. That's the new method which has brought confidence to wives by the tens of thousands. These women know surgical cleanliness without any fear. Without fear of burning delicate membranes, desensitizing tissues, leaving hardened scar areas. No! Zonite holds none of those dangers. Zonite is strong. But Zonite is gentle to tissues.

Zonite comes in bottles, at 30c, 60c, $1.00, and can be bought in any town large or small. There's also a semi-solid form—Zonite Suppositories. These are white and cone-like. Some women prefer them to the liquid while others use both. Box holding a dozen, individually sealed in glass, $1.00. Send coupon below for the much discussed booklet, "Facts for Women." This book comes to the point and answers questions clearly and honestly. It will make you understand. Send for it now.

ZONITE PRODUCTS CORPORATION
Chrysler Building, New York, N. Y. LI-47
Please send me free copy of the booklet or booklets checked below.
( ) Facts for Women
( ) Use of Antiseptics in the Home

Name..
(Please print name)
Address..
City.............................*State*.......
(In Canada: Sainte Therese, P. Q.)

Society Snubs Roosevelt



An Amazing Disclosure, from One Who Knows, of the American Aristocracy's Attitude Toward "That Red President"

★

BY CORNELIUS VANDERBILT, Jr.

READING TIME ● 10 MINUTES 6 SECONDS

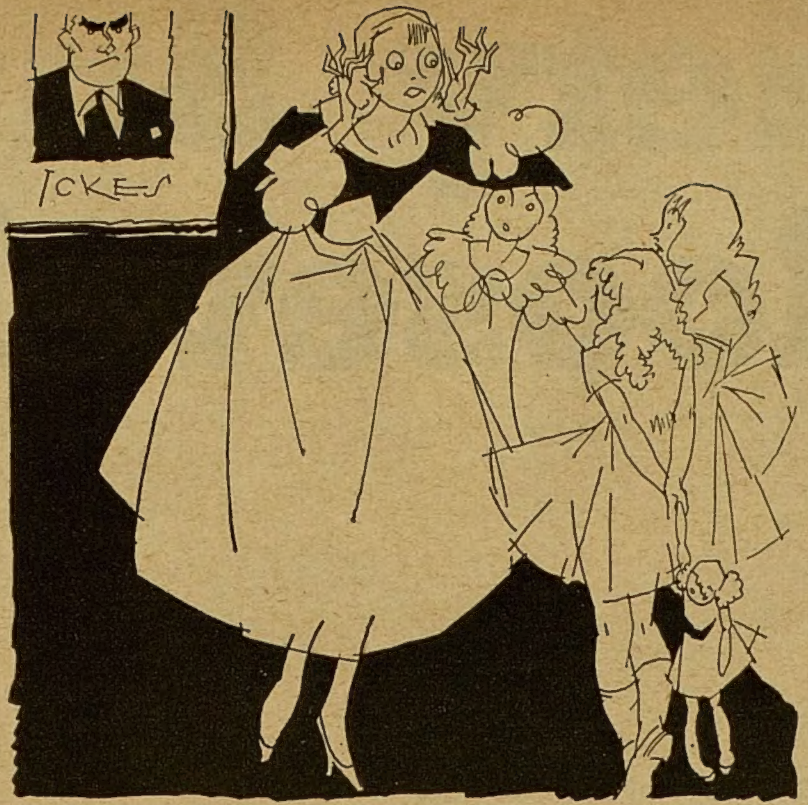
"DID you meet any one worth-while in Washington?"

I thought I had. I dined with the President of the United States. I lunched with Ambassador Bullitt. I visited with several Senators. And I attended a party for Secretary Morgenthau.

"Oh, I don't mean *them,*" jeered my hostess, the wife of a famous public-utilities magnate. "I mean the really worth-while people: Alice Longworth. The Ogden Millses. The Pat Hurleys. The James J. Wadsworths."

Her guests watched me eagerly. Nothing would have pleased them more than to see me embarrassed, angry, riled. I knew better. Six months had passed since I first heard a Newport dowager explain to her friends and sympathizers that "Society must snub that man Roosevelt." Ludicrous as it may appear, incredible as it may sound, her advice was heeded and Society did set forth to "snub" the President of the United States.

The conceit of the arrogant rich? The ignorance of the people whose clocks stopped on March 4, 1933? Not quite. There is more to this snubbing game than mere ignorance and conceit. To begin with, there is a good deal of self-defense. "Remember Mitchell!" This is the rallying cry of Society in 1934. If "that man Roosevelt" dared put Society's most beloved banker on trial, where is the guaranty that he won't dig still deeper into the closets of the Four Hundred? That he won't bring his Big Stick down on the heads of many other vulnerable captains of industry and high finance?



"In the eyes of Wall Street he is a monster. On Fifth Avenue they frighten children with his name."

"He is a communist of the worst degree," said one of my friends, who is too preoccupied with horses, yachts, and kennels to look up the exact definition of the word "communism."

"What makes you think so?" I asked.

"Think? Think? I don't think it. I know it! Who but a communist would dare persecute Mr. Morgan and Mr. Mellon? Who but a communist would talk about 'redistribution of wealth'? Fancy my giving my money to a lot of hooligans who never worked for it and who wouldn't know what to do with it if they had it! I'll never agree to it. You wait and see what we'll do to that Red President of yours!"

"What will you do to him?"

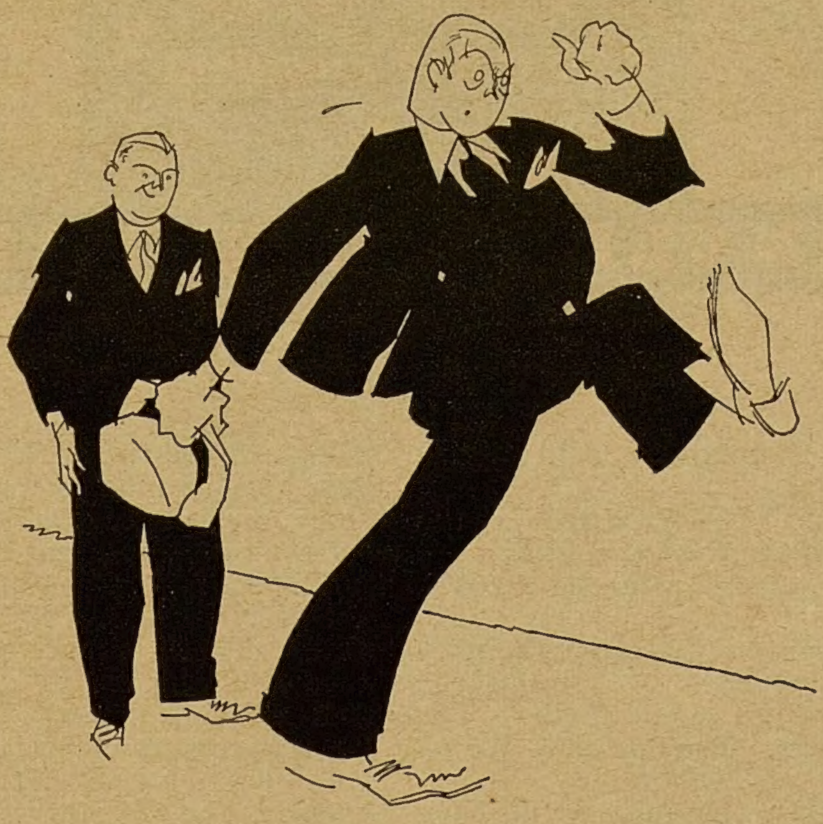
"First we shall snub him, then we shall do to him just what his party did to Hoover. Spreading rumors. Publishing libelous books. Attacking in newspapers. We can be every bit as dirty as the Democrats were in 1930-32."

"I grant that you can," I said under my breath, recalling bits and pieces of conversation overheard by me in Washington and in New York. There seemed, however, to be a considerable disagreement between the diehards of Washington and their Manhattan sympathizers as to the strategy they should use.

The former rely on the leadership of Alice Roosevelt Longworth, the President's fifth cousin. The latter believe that no single human being, not even "Princess Alice," is efficient enough to undermine the prestige of the Chief Executive and that high-power publicity agents should be hired and editorial writers influenced.

The snubbing as practiced in Washington is limited to a few wise cracks ("NRA stands for No Roosevelt Again," etc.). The slandering as adopted by New York uses as its channels clubs and private houses, banks and brokerage offices, newspapers and private-wire services.

"There is no way of satisfying my New York clients," complained a Washingtonian who makes his living by obtaining "secret government information" for American millionaires.



"'Aren't you ashamed?' I asked one of them. I have never seen a man of his age walk that fast."

"THEY are not interested in truth. They crave wild rumors. Why, do you know that the other day I got hell from a Wall Street banker because I sent him a wire denying the story connecting a member of the administration with an unpleasant scandal? 'Am tired of your ballyhooing the administration,' he wired back. 'Insist on getting real facts for my money.'

"What that old bird calls 'real facts' would be laughed at even in a bughouse, but he pays and he takes his choice. And what a choice! When a member of the cabinet catches a slight cold, I don't dare describe it as a 'slight cold' in my wires. Not if I want to keep on eating my three meals a day. 'Secretary So-and-So is ill at home. The nature of his mysterious illness is being kept secret by his physicians.' That's my way of describing a slight cold!

"Or take, for instance, the difficulties I must cope with when it comes to the Public Works Administration. I know and you know and any one who ever met him knows that Secretary Ickes is about the most constructive man in the United States; but in the eyes of Wall Street he is a monster and on Fifth Avenue they frighten children with his name. Were I to wire, 'It looks as if within the next three months Ickes will secure jobs for some 2,000,000 men,' I would lose ninety-nine per cent of my clients. So what do I do? I get hold of some disgruntled Middle-Western grafter, listen to his cockeyed tale, and then wire: 'Have just learned from unimpeachable sources that the breakdown of the PWA program in the Middle West is imminent.' Next morning I find on my desk a big bunch of new subscriptions for my exclusive service."

A FEW months ago a dance was given in the White House by the younger members of the Roosevelt family, a strictly informal affair attended by their personal friends only. There was a small band playing fox trots and waltzes, and there were orangeade and 3.2 beer served in the buffet room. As is their custom whenever a party is being given by their children, the President and Mrs. Roosevelt remained downstairs but a short while, just long enough to shake hands with the guests. By 11 P. M. the whole thing was over and, except for a short paragraph in the social columns, nothing was said by the newspapers about that modest dance.

A week passed. Back in New York on a visit, I began to hear malicious rumblings. People—the Newport sort of people, inarticulate dowagers and chattering hangers-on—looked at me and said:

"Well, well. It was *quite a party* in the White House, wasn't it? What alibi have you to advance now for the behavior of your idols?"

I blinked and stared. For the life of me I could not understand what they were driving at.

They went on. Their talk was fantastic.

"Kegs of beer. . . . Rivers of liquor. . . . Drunkenness in the White House. . . . To think that the President would enjoy that sort of party!"

No Broadway columnist would have printed such stuff.

The whole thing had the earmarks of a new whispering campaign. I decided to investigate and trace that slanderous story to its source. No professional news inventor in Washington would confess its authorship.

I was about to give up when a friend walked into my apartment, threw a printed sheet on my desk, and said, " Here it is. The story appeared in the house organ of a local Ku Klux Klan organization masquerading as a temperance society of some description. Watch its circulation grow by leaps and bounds in Wall Street."

I do not have to watch it. I have seen enough of Wall Street and Fifth Avenue to know that they would gladly support the house organ of the South Sea cannibals for the sake of getting even with the administration.

Is the President aware of the approaching attack? Does it affect him in any way to realize that Society—the men and women who were his friends in the days of his childhood—are his enemies now?

The answer to these questions was given during a recent press conference in the White House. The representative of an anti-administration newspaper, acting under the express orders of his boss, inquired in a none too firm voice whether F. D. R. was cognizant of a " certain change in public sentiment."

THE President smiled quietly. There was a long silence in the room.

Then the President spoke up. He also had a question to ask. Was there anything in the Constitution of the United States that could keep an anti-administration paper from buying a secondhand car and sending one of its star reporters on a coast-to-coast survey of the country and the nation?

" No," finally admitted the embarrassed executor of his master's orders. " There is nothing in the Constitution of the United States that could prevent any one from crossing the country in a secondhand car."

The President had still another question to ask:

Why come to the White House and ask its inhabitant whether or not there was a change in public sentiment when a much less biased answer could be obtained by addressing this query straight to the population of the forty-eight states?

It is a matter of record that the owner of the anti-administration paper in question, duly informed of the President's advice, did not choose to invest his money in a secondhand car. Both he and his blue-blooded friends believe in slander, not in survey.

When Winston Churchill was seven, he threatened his governess that he'd " go and worship idols " if she forced him to wash behind his ears.

I often think of Churchill and his threat when I listen to the conversation of my friends. Were I to shorthand what they say about the President and the administration, it would sound like " I'll go and worship idols."

" If he does not change his policies, I'll sell every government bond I possess and transfer my money abroad."

" If he does not throw out his radical professors, I'll spend every cent I have on supporting Mills in 1936."

" If he dares bring Mellon to trial, I won't stay another twenty-four hours in this crazy country."

" If he does not stop increasing income-tax rates, I'll dispose of everything, load the cash on the yacht, and spend the balance of my days cruising around the world."

And so on *ad infinitum*.

To hear those people talk at their dinner tables in New York, Philadelphia, and Boston, and then a week or two later meet them waiting hat in hand in the offices of Secretary Ickes in the Department of the Interior or in the reception room of the White House, is an experience not to be forgotten easily. For—and this is the most amazing trait of Society—" snubbing " Roosevelt and blaspheming Ickes as much as they do, they never give up their efforts to get a juicy contract out of the " bolshevik " government. Chameleons by nature and inclination, they swear while in Washington that they are in sympathy with the New Deal, that they consider Rex Tugwell a genius and General Johnson a saint.

" Aren't you ashamed," I asked one of them, a venomous enemy of the administration when meeting him in the Reconstruction Finance Corporation, " to come here and try to bum a loan out of an organization which you denounce in your house in New York?"

" NOW, Neil," he said, shifting his eyes, " I hope I can rely upon your discretion. You simply must promise me you won't repeat any of my joking remarks. After all, idle chatter is only idle chatter, but business is business! "

" But how about your determination to snub Roosevelt? " I raised my voice. I wanted to be heard by the secretaries.

I have never seen a man of his age walk that fast.

His case is not unique. The hotels of the national capital are full of chameleons who hate Roosevelt in New York and love him in Washington, who think he ought to be " impeached " but would give five years of their lives to be invited to dinner in the White House.

Some day, when General Johnson has a minute to spare, he will write a code for chameleons—to be signed by the Social Registerites and to be pasted on the walls of the exclusive clubs of New York. The first clause of that code will read: " Thou shalt not blaspheme thy President and try to borrow money from the Reconstruction Finance Corporation at the same time."

THE END

Acme photo

The author (left) with his parents, General and Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt III, on Fifth Avenue.

The Roué's Daughter

next mag

READING TIME ● 19 MINUTES 32 SECONDS

MARION WESTERLY, carefully adjusting a very small hat over her dark curls, said, " Be sure that print cocktail dress goes to the cleaner's, Elsie. Will sherry come out? "

Elsie said, " Oh, yes, madame."

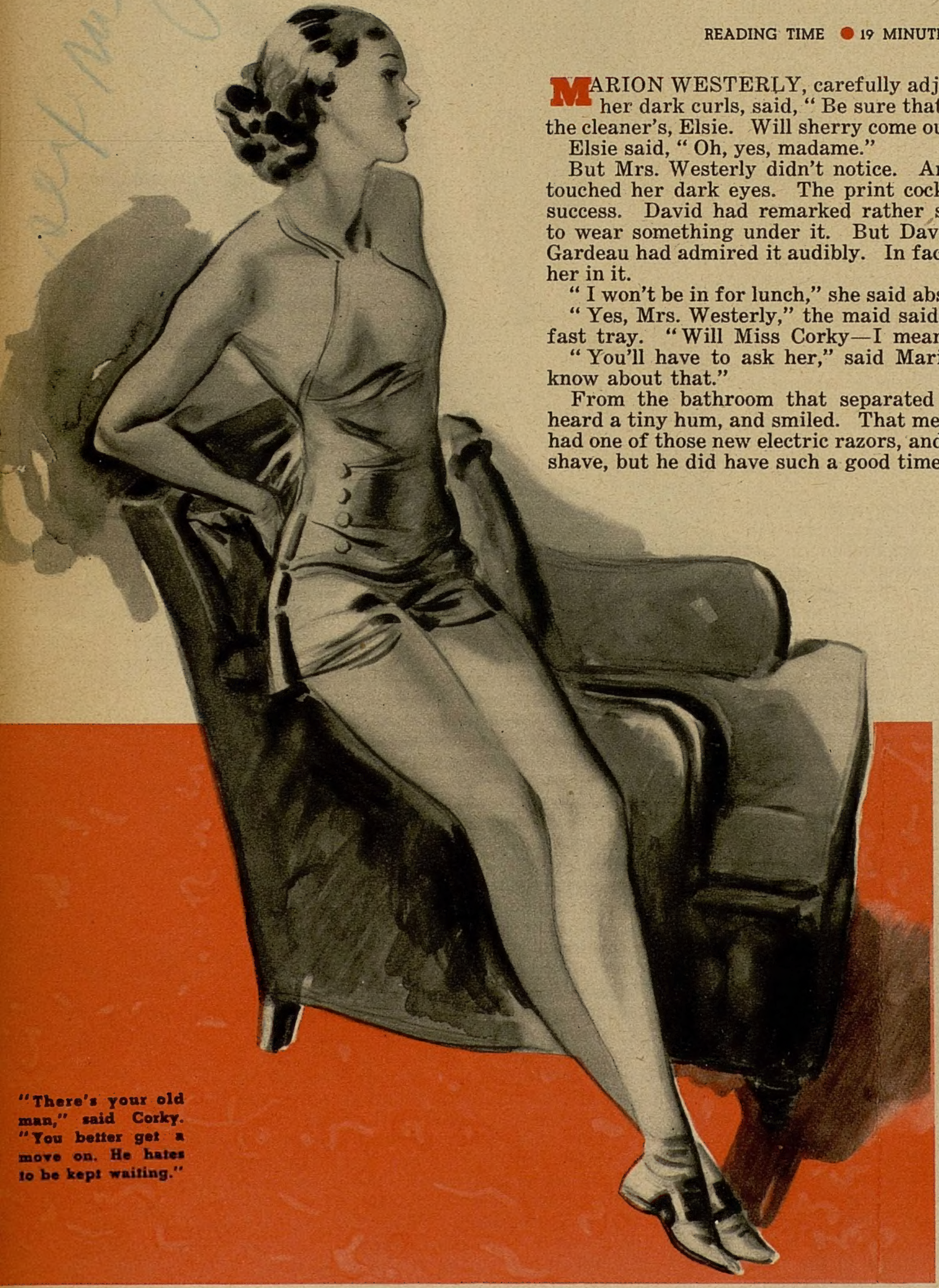
But Mrs. Westerly didn't notice. An amused reminiscent smile touched her dark eyes. The print cocktail dress had been a huge success. David had remarked rather sarcastically that she ought to wear something under it. But David was her husband. René Gardeau had admired it audibly. In fact he wanted to do a cover of her in it.

" I won't be in for lunch," she said absently.

" Yes, Mrs. Westerly," the maid said, picking up the blue breakfast tray. " Will Miss Corky—I mean Miss Corinne—be here? "

" You'll have to ask her," said Marion Westerly. " I wouldn't know about that."

From the bathroom that separated her room and David's she heard a tiny hum, and smiled. That meant David was shaving. He had one of those new electric razors, and it took him twice as long to shave, but he did have such a good time with it.



"There's your old man," said Corky. "You better get a move on. He hates to be kept waiting."

Well, she had time to look at the flowers and see if the mail had come yet.

The zinnias in the hall flamed like tapestry against ivory paneling. And in the drawing-room the gladioli, coral and mauve, were like butterflies on a green background.

" They are nice," she said absently, running the stack of letters through her fingers. A note from Lester asking her for tea. Lester was cute—and never a nuisance. And Eve Burton wanted them for dinner on the fifteenth. Well, they'd skip that. Not that she ever interfered with David, but Eve was really a little *too* obvious.

Behind her she heard a clatter, and turned. Corky, in white shorts, slid down the stairs, her mop of dark hair flying in every direction.

" What in the world are you doing up and dressed at this hour, my good woman? " she said. " You're not going to town on a day like this? "

Corky was cute. Her lashes were incredible and

Girls Are Problems These Days—Here Is the Story of One Who Gave Her Parents (as She Will Give You) a Bit of a Surprise

by

Adela Rogers St Johns

ILLUSTRATIONS
BY
JOHN
HOLMGREN

her nose tilted in such an impish way. Her legs were brown and slim, with the littlest ankles. No wonder the house swarmed with boys.

" I promised to play bridge at Vivian's," Marion said. " I didn't know it was going to be so hot. What are you doing today? "

Corky yawned frankly. " Nothing, if I can get away with it. But probably I can't. Tenny wants to go over to the club for a swim. You do look sweet. Tenny says I'll never be as good-looking as you are, even if I live to be your age, which he seems to doubt."

David Westerly came down the stairs. He was tall and dark; he wore the most perfect clothes; the lines around his eyes only made him more attractive. After seventeen years of marriage Marion conceded that he still gave her a thrill. " Of course I'm only one of the vast majority," she said to herself.

" There's your old man," said Corky. " You better get a move on. You know how he hates to be kept waiting."

" Corky," said her mother, " you really—"

" Shouldn't be so fresh," said Corky, with another prodigious yawn. " No, lamb, you're perfectly right. Good morning, father. You are elegant. Oh, dear, I'm so darn' sleepy."

" What time did you get in last night? " said Marion casually.

" I donknow. Early. But Tenny wouldn't go home. He got talkative."

" Where'd you go? " said Marion.

" Oh, out to Glen Cove and ate hot dogs. Look, mums. If you see Mr. Hardy today you won't forget to ask him about a job for Tenny, will you? "

Outside a horn honked violently.

They went to the door and stood framed in the Colonial archway, arms about each other, smiling at David Westerly in the big roadster. They were of a height, almost of a figure.

David honked again, impatiently, and they went down the shallow terrace. " You won't forget about Mr. Hardy, will you? " Corky said. " You can do anything with that old goat. He goes for you in a big way."

Her father said, " Is that all the clothes you're going to wear today? "

Corky elevated dark eyebrows very like his own. " Darling father," she said, " in a nudist colony I'd be frightfully overdressed. Sometimes I think Tenny and I should turn nudist. They ought to pay us for the publicity pictures. Most of those they take now don't do the cause any good."

THE wheels of the big roadster spun in the gravel; it swung gracefully and moved down the tree-bordered driveway.

" Mums," Corky yelled, " don't forget, will you? "

Marion shook her head, smiling. The smile vanished as they all but collided with a decrepit Ford, paintless and topless, which turned the corner on two wheels. A bronzed youth with crisp blond hair grinned and yelled a greeting.

" Hello, Tenny," Marion called. But the car had already passed them.

" Why doesn't he move his trunk over? " David said loudly. " Is he boarding here? He didn't go home until four o'clock—and now he's come for breakfast."

" Was it really four o'clock? " said Marion. " How do you know? "

" Unfortunately I'm not deaf," said her husband. " He yelled his fond farewell right under my window. And then she ran out and—and kissed him good night, I suppose, which was cause for much mirth."

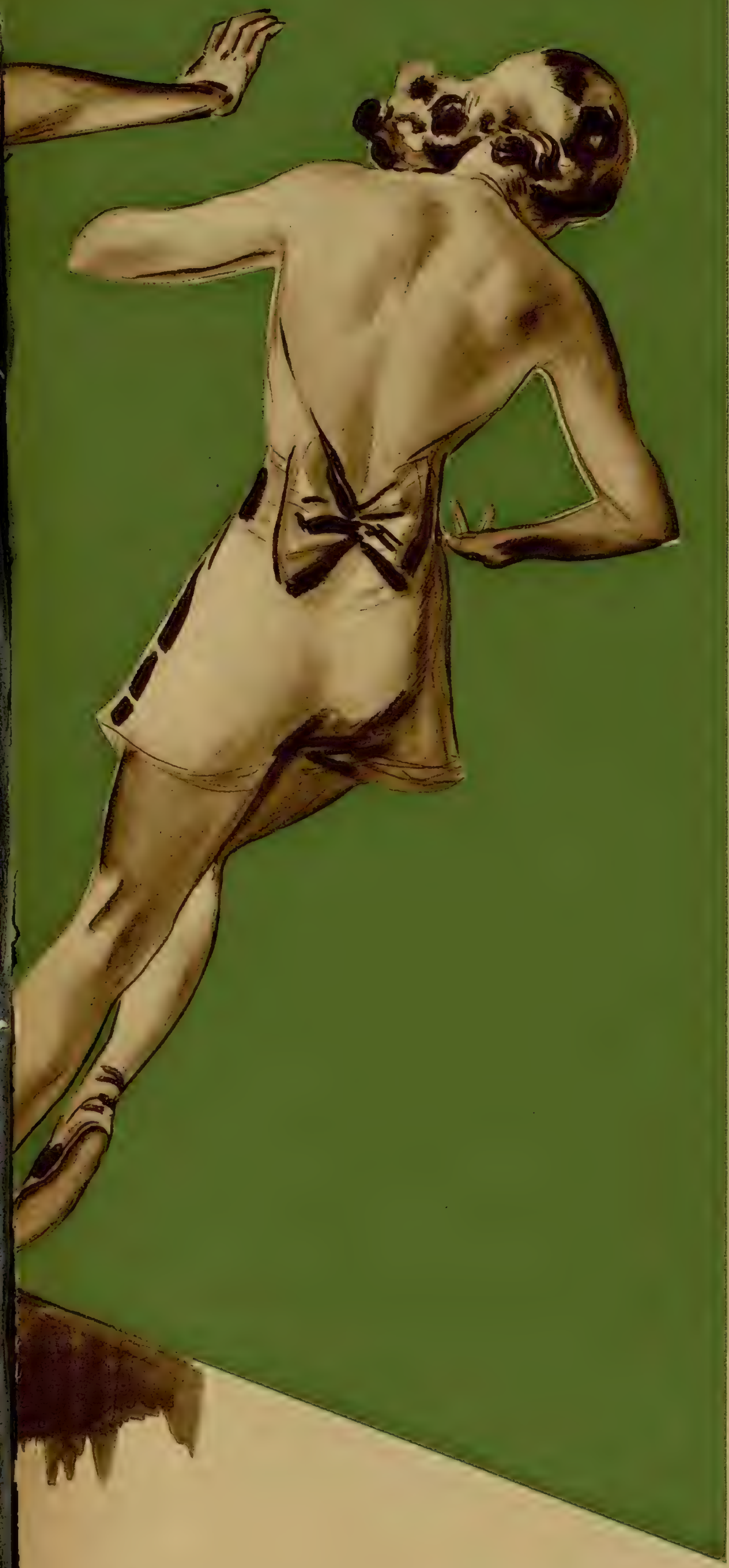
" Well," said Marion, " probably that's a good sign. At least they're open and aboveboard."

" It's a sign they're shameless," said David, " and don't give a hoot about anything or anybody. They do exactly as they please. What was it you were supposed not to forget? "

They swept through the pretty Long Island country road toward the paved New York highway.

" I told her if I got a chance I'd ask Mr. Hardy about a job for Tenny."

" U-um," said Corky's father. " So she has to get him



● They strolled to the pool. As they stood on its edge, her dark curls hardly reaching his naked brown shoulder, without warning or change of expression he pushed her in.

a job too. Why doesn't *she* get the job and just keep him? I suppose that's regarded as perfectly all right nowadays?"

"Well, it can't do any harm to try," said Marion apologetically. "He's really a nice boy, David. As long as Corky's so set on him, I suppose we ought to be grateful he's so nice. Tenny's manners are better than most."

"I'm more concerned about his morals than his manners," said David Westerly briefly. "I don't like it, Marion, and what's more I won't have it. You know what these kids are like nowadays. What do they *do* until four in the morning?"

"Corky says they argue."

"Do they expect me to swallow that?" said Corky's father. His eyes were intent upon traffic. "It just happens, Marion, that I know something of this modern world. I can imagine how they spend their time until four in the morning!"

Marion knew that he was embarrassed. He was always embarrassed when things like this came up about Corky. She was a little embarrassed herself.

"I don't think—" she began.

"It's about time you did," said David. "Petting—can't you see what things like that lead to?"

"Corky told me about that," said Marion. "She says they've got everything under control. She says a girl's a sap who doesn't know how to handle herself."

"Rubbish!" said David hotly. "Nobody knows how to handle it. You know that as well as I do. And at their age!"

MARION'S mind was filled with pictures sliding through, she didn't exactly know why. Bill Cormack and the little blonde she'd seen him with at the Waldorf. And the Harrington divorce, right next door to them.

Of course she couldn't tell David about the night she had walked into the library and found Corky in the boy's arms. They hadn't even heard her. Their eyes were closed.

"Sometimes," she said, "I wish they hadn't fallen in love quite so soon. I wanted her to have such a lot of fun first."

They missed a truck by inches. "In love!" said David. "How the hell can they be in love? She's only sixteen. They don't know what they're talking about. The biological urge of youth, that's all."

"Well," said Corky's mother, "they think they're in love. That first love, David. It may seem foolish, but it isn't, really. You never feel quite like that again. When you're older you have more sense. You know that life has a lot of compensations, and that there are other people in the world, and sometimes you can fall in love over and over again. But they don't believe that. To them it's everything."

"That's a lot of romantic twaddle," said David.

But he looked at her, a quick, unreadable glance from the gray eyes that were so like his daughter's.

Marion wondered suddenly about the girls he had known when he was Tenny's age. There was no way for her to know that he was thinking of a slim fair girl who had desired only to please him, who knew nothing of life, a girl with white fragile hands which had clung to him but had not been able to cling tightly enough, with innocent eyes that clouded with knowledge.

"I wasn't your first love," he said—and it was half a question.

"No," Marion told him calmly, "you weren't. I suffered an awful lot. He was a dreadful boy. He drank and gambled, but I thought I could reform him. If my mother hadn't been such an old tyrant—"

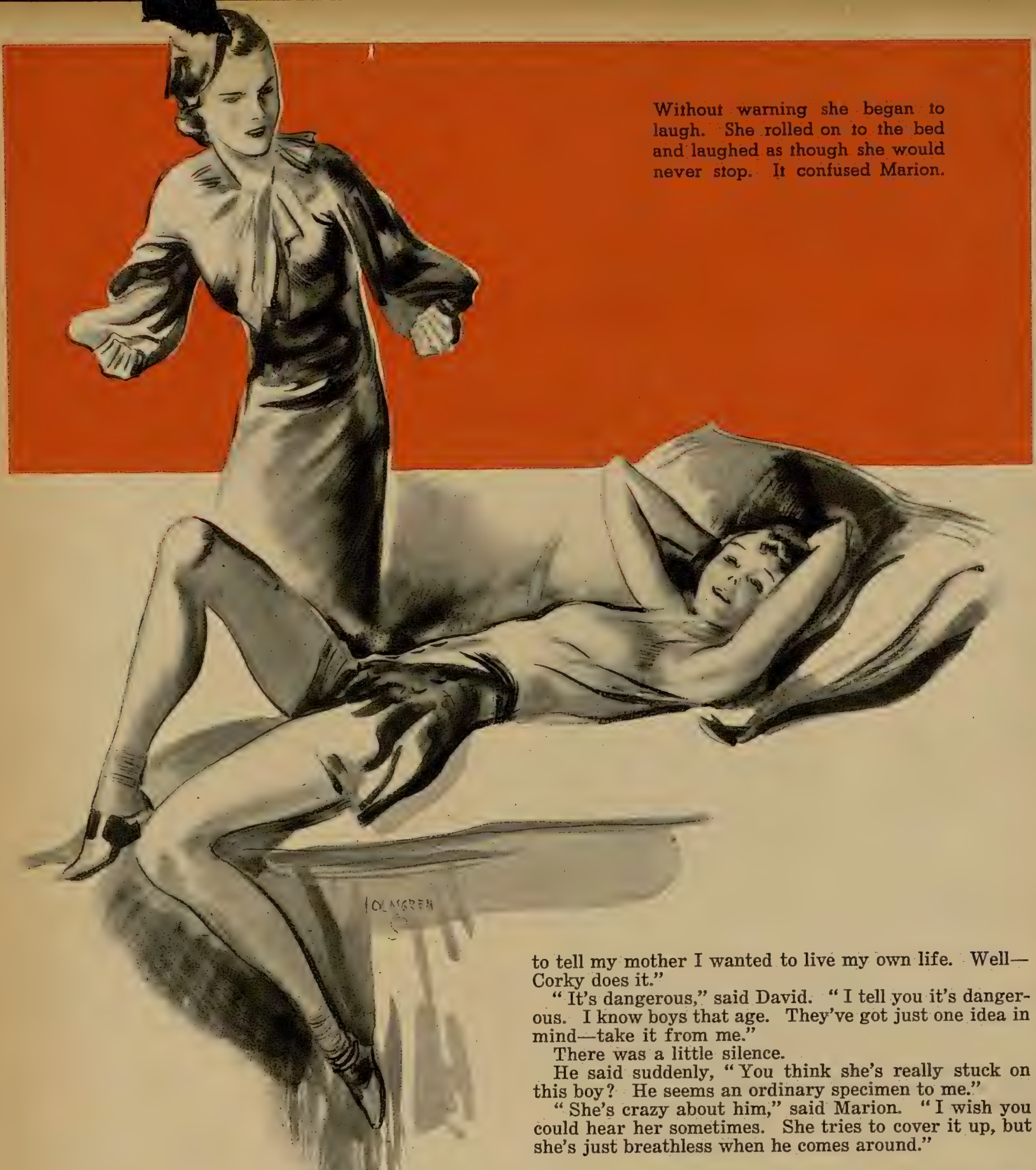
There wasn't any sense to telling him that her mother hadn't been tyrant enough.

"Never mind, darling," she said. "You're my last love—and that's more important."

It was true. She had her fun—but it wasn't important. Just to keep up with the times. But David was the one man. She knew that.

"You're mine, too," he said—"and don't ever forget it."

Why did she have that odd sick feeling? David was so attractive to women. And women had no scruples any more.



Without warning she began to laugh. She rolled on to the bed and laughed as though she would never stop. It confused Marion.

David had been only two years out of college when Marion met him. But he'd had plenty of experience. Girls had been easy for David. His reputation had been pretty bad around New York. Marion liked to think marriage had changed him. You never could tell any more. All rules and regulations seemed to be off.

" You oughtn't to let her get away with the things she does," David said as they swept over the Queensboro Bridge. " You're her mother. Hell, I know these modern kids. Trying to outthink you twenty-four hours a day. I know what they're up to. Make her go to bed at a decent hour. Make her cut out some of these dates and boys."

" It's not as simple as that, really," said Marion. " How can you make them do anything? You can't beat them and you can't throw them out. The most awful words in the English language are, ' All the other girls do.' I used to tell my mother I wanted to live my own life. Well—Corky does it."

" It's dangerous," said David. " I tell you it's dangerous. I know boys that age. They've got just one idea in mind—take it from me."

There was a little silence.

He said suddenly, " You think she's really stuck on this boy? He seems an ordinary specimen to me."

" She's crazy about him," said Marion. " I wish you could hear her sometimes. She tries to cover it up, but she's just breathless when he comes around."

THE red light flashed and the car stood still in a mass of other cars. The faint odor of the river, of tar, of dirt, of gasoline fumes poured in. Taxis, red, orange, green, cut in front of them. Neither noticed.

David Westerly was thinking grimly, with bitterness. That woman he'd met in Chicago last year. There had been something about her, something warm and sweet and yielding. An easy life animated her. Eve—with her cold, icy hauteur. Nothing so much fun as a cold woman who was vulnerable for the right man.

Marion was thinking of all the books she read, all the plays and pictures they saw. You couldn't get away from sex. People talked so much about it.

" I think I'll come up and see if Mr. Hardy's there," she said as they drove into the garage.

Mr. Hardy was there. Freshly bathed and shaved. She asked him about a job for Tenny.

" He's an awfully nice boy," she said. " He's been through his first year at Yale. I think he's intelligent and Corky says he has a grand sense of humor."

"He'll need it," said Mr. Hardy.

"Corky's fond of him," said Marion Westerly. "I thought it might give him a start. He says any more college is a waste of time. They—they want to get married and have six children."

Mr. Hardy looked at her with a knowing eye. He had three sons of his own—middle-aged now. Ray was a bachelor, but Jim had been divorced twice. Mr. Hardy had just married his stenographer. David said she was a silly little gold-digger and Mr. Hardy was senile.

"Isn't that rather a dangerous state of mind for a girl like Corky?" said Mr. Hardy.

"I guess this is a dangerous age," said Marion.

"Tell the boy to come and see me," said Mr. Hardy.

Marion flushed with pleasure. If Mr. Hardy said that! He was really a dear old thing. Impulsively she put her hand on his arm as she thanked him. Then she wished she hadn't. You'd think at sixty-five he'd have more sense. David would be furious. He always thought the worst, of course.

It was a terribly hot day. Much hotter than she had expected. Her feet began to burn. The thought of an afternoon's bridge appalled her. The dirty stories. The cocktails. The heat. And the men who would "drop in" around five for highballs. If she caught the two six home she'd have time to take a cool shower and rest before David got home. He didn't like to see her tired and unkempt. She called his office and left word she'd gone home. They'd have to find some one else for bridge.

CORKY slammed the ball across the net with ferocity. Grinning, Tenny returned it out of her reach.

"That's set," he said coolly. "Three straight. You'd better pull yourself together."

"Nuts!" said Corky. "Deck tennis isn't anything. I don't take it seriously."

Side by side they strolled across the sand in front of the gay colorful cabañas to the pool. They were oblivious of the occupants of canvas chairs who stared at them as they stood on its edge, her dark curls hardly reaching his naked brown shoulder. The water was jade-green and clear as crystal.

Without warning or change of expression he pushed her in.

When she came out, they gave a very good imitation of a couple of wrestlers who hadn't rehearsed their act beforehand.

"No fair biting," said Tenny, helpless with laughter.

"I wouldn't," said Corky, "only you're so much bigger."

He lifted her on to her feet. "Let's go home," he said. "I'm all worn out with you and your wild ways. Look at those old ladies on the porch. What they'll have to say about that Westerly girl!"

"Nasty old things," said Corky.

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The bow gets first call this summer

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SELF-STYLING
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Margaret Lindsay and Donald Woods in the Warner Brothers picture, "Fog over Frisco."

"Well, we'll be old ourselves some day. Let's go."

In the decrepit car she said, "I can't think why, but I'm awfully stuck on you, Tennyson."

"Enough for anything?" he said slowly.

"Yes, enough for anything."

"Enough not to wait for years and years and all that hooey?"

"Enough," said Corky simply, "not to wait another minute. Why should we?"

"I can't imagine," said Tenny. . . .

Marion Westerly took a taxi from the station. It was lovely to be back in the country.

Elsie opened the door. She looked surprised.

"You didn't phone, madame?" she said.

"No," said Mrs. Westerly; "I just took a taxi. It's hot in town." She started up the stairs. "Is Miss Corinne at home?"

The girl looked flustered.

"I don't know if she is and I don't know if she isn't," she said, and vanished into the dining room.

A tiny frown came between Marion's brows. What on earth ailed the girl? Had she and Corky had a spat? Elsie was utterly devoted to Corky. All the servants were, for that matter. She certainly knew how to handle them.

Corky's door at the head of the stairs was closed.

That was odd, because Corky never closed her door. She had a terrible habit of leaving it open, no matter what she was doing or what she had on.

Marion's heart stopped. Her breath stopped.

There were voices behind that door. Soft hurried voices. A choked laugh. That was Corky's. A man's voice, a boy's voice, that broke off sharply.

There was silence on both sides of the closed door.

MARION'S heart began to beat again. I love her so! She's my little girl. My funny fat baby. Life can't be so terrible. What shall I do? I can't face it. I can't possibly face it! I don't know what to do. David was right. They didn't expect me home until dinner time. Elsie—she knew. Corky's closed door. That hushed boyish voice, breaking off quickly. What would David do?

Only a second, a second of senseless chaotic hell.

Had they heard her footsteps? Was that why they were so quiet?

She knocked. Silly to knock. But she had always knocked on closed doors.

Corky said, "Come in."

Marion opened the door and went in.

Corky and Tenny were sitting on the canopied-bed.

ADELA ROGERS ST. JOHNS

was born in Los Angeles and literally grew up with the movies. Much of her time has been devoted to writing for them and about them, in plays, articles, and stories, many of which have been published in Liberty.

With a dreadful pang, Marion knew that she had never in her life seen two people look so guilty. The boy's face was scarlet. He didn't look at her.

If David were here, he would kill him.

At last she was able to look at Corky.

Corky looked—so strange. She was crimson too. She was struggling with some emotion, as though her whole body were torn with it. Her hair was wilder than usual. She had her hands behind her.

Corky said breathlessly, "Hello, mums. How'd you get home so early?"

"It was hot in town," said Marion Westerly.

SHE glanced about the pretty room. Lovely, really. She'd had it done over last year when Corky came home from school. Gay chintz and gleaming maple and a white-ruffled dressing table. Gay and virginal—

Tenny moved toward the door. Marion watched him, but she couldn't speak. He said, "I'll be going. See you later, Corky."

Corky said, still in that breathless voice, "O. K."

He was gone.

In the mirror Marion could see how white her own face was. The shock hadn't changed her, except that she was so white. Corky was moving toward the bathroom. She watched her mother with those deep secret gray eyes. "You look pooped, mums."

Then, without warning, she began to laugh. She rolled on to the bed, all in a ball, and laughed and laughed as though she would never stop. It confused Marion terribly. Hysteria—she had never coped with hysteria. It must be hysteria. The girl couldn't be as hardened as that.

"Stop that this minute," Marion said coldly. That was the way, she'd heard, to deal with hysteria. But it wasn't what she wanted to say. There must be something that would bring the child into her arms.

Before David came home they must talk to each other. They must settle this thing. She knew now how her own mother had felt twenty years ago. She knew that she wasn't any different than her own mother had been, for all this talk of freedom. Talking with other mothers she'd always said, "Well, I suppose it might happen to any girl nowadays. And Corky knows she can always come to me—she can always tell me anything. It isn't like it used to be when I was a girl."

But it was!

"Every time I think of Tenny's face," Corky said in a muffled voice, "I think I'll die. Did you ever in your life see anything funnier? And the way he scrammed out of here and left me holding the bag."

"Corky," Marion cried out, "how can you?"

Corky took her tousled head out of the pillow. "Well, I didn't laugh while he was here, did I?" she said. "I wouldn't hurt his little ole dignity for anything. But I'll never get over it."

She sat up. There was something in her hand. Marion Westerly stared at it. She shut her eyes, opened them. Stared again.

"What is that?" she said.

Corky's laugh sounded weak, as though she was exhausted. "When he heard you, he handed it to me like it was an illegitimate child," Corky said.

Marion's eyes were clear now. There could be no question. It was David's new electric razor.

"My God!" Corky said. "What's the matter with the darn' thing? Now you're blushing too. Is there something immoral about a razor?"

"No," said Marion.

"Ever since I told him dad had one," Corky said, "he's been nuts to try it. So when you were both out I sneaked it. Then you come sneaking home like the mother in a melodrama and catch us red-handed. He'd just got to work, too, the poor lamb, but he hasn't enough whiskers really to do any good. I expect he thinks dad will kill him—he says men are like that about their razors. You won't tell, will you, mums?"

"No, I won't tell," said Marion.

"And then, the way you looked," said Corky. "The way you looked, you'd have thought you'd caught us--"

SUDDENLY she stopped, and looked at her mother. Marion felt the horrible guilty blood creep to her hair, felt it choking her. Corky's eyes were cold, were very gray; they were cold with accusation. As she watched that red flush, a little contempt crept about her fresh young mouth.

"Gee," she said, "I wouldn't want to be you! You've all got such filthy minds—you and your generation."

She put the razor down and stood very still.

"I saw Mr. Hardy," said Marion.

Corky turned and looked at her.

"He said for Tenny to come and see him."

Corky let out a yell. "Now we can get married next year," said Corky. "I told Tenny today we wouldn't wait one second longer than we had to. I do love you, mums!"

They kissed. Marion found herself clinging to the girl, clinging desperately. She felt the slim strong young hand on her hair.

"Poor mums," Corky said. "You folks had a tough break. You all thought you discovered sex, didn't you? Mums, how much do you think Mr. Hardy'll give Tenny to start?"

This is the first of a series of short stories by Adela Rogers St. Johns. Others will appear at intervals of about a month during the remainder of the year.

THE END

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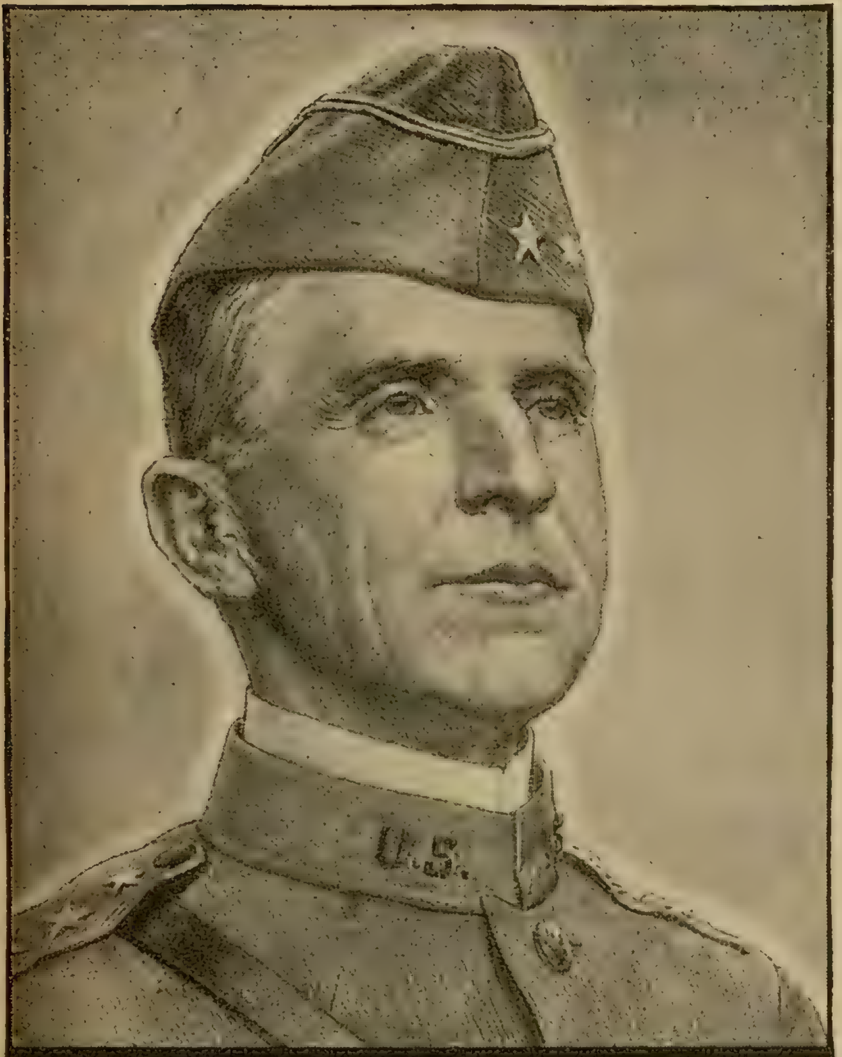


GENERAL BULLARD

Portrait Sketch
by Carl Link

READING TIME ● 20 MINUTES 35 SECONDS

WE are seventeenth among military powers. Our Army Air Corps is sixth. Our navy is third in effective strength. In vulnerable boundaries we are first. In wealth we are first—and in world envy. In men under arms per billion dollars of wealth we are last.

That is one answer to the question, "Are we prepared?" But it is a very inadequate answer.

Having been asked to examine herein the status of our "land" preparedness before a wide audience composed of men and *women* who must face the horrors of war, if it comes, I would like to make some very hard facts simple and clear. Our isolation is ending. War is changing. Our thinking on the subject is obsolete. The world, newly geared by science, is moving swiftly. The time has come when public indifference about preparedness may mean disaster.

The day when the professional soldier, unaided, can prepare a nation for defense is long past. This has become *your* problem.

Perhaps the dominant American thought has been that wars are calamities which happen to *other* peoples. With sublime faith, we refuse to be prepared for a war which "cannot" come to us.

Our army numbered but 6,600 men in July, 1812; but 8,000 just prior to the Mexican War; less than 17,000 before the Civil War; and 20,000 in '98. Wars have come when our preparedness was at its lowest ebb. In 1917, though Europe's quarrels repeatedly had threatened to embroil us on one side or the other, we were almost *100 per cent* disarmed in the seven major weapons: field artillery, automatic rifles, machine guns, planes, tanks, hand grenades, and automatic pistols.

Always we learn war-making after war is upon us. In major wars we sacrifice tens of thousands in needless casualties while we prepare.

Below: Pursuit planes and bombers. "In two years our Army Air Corps has slipped from fourth to sixth place."

DEFEND Us?

If War Ever Comes Again, It Will Be of a New and Terrible Kind . . .

And We Are NOT Ready, Says Lieut. Gen.

ROBERT LEE BULLARD

Formerly Commander of the American Second Army in France

Stumblingly we learn even the *nature* of war after war comes. Habitually we start with the tools and tactics of an earlier generation. And discover that the world has moved onward since last we fought.

At this minute our artillery, which dates from 1918, might be described as souvenir pieces. It is estimated that fourteen months would be required to replace them with modern weapons.

Two major factors now must dominate any consideration of the problems of war and defense. These are:

1. The airplane. It has become the first and paramount weapon of war. This weapon is "rewriting" strategy and tactics.
2. A striking change which has already occurred in the nature of war. Many may have forgotten. Traditionally wars were fought by armies. By 1917 we had learned that modern wars are fought by *peoples.* Virtually all the energies of belligerent nations, over and above those required to sustain life, had been commandeered by Mars. Whole nations were merely supply depots along transport lines leading to a seething battle front.

Preparing for *that* kind of a war—war on a scale far more gigantic than the world ever had known—we were cumbersome, slow, wasteful. We were like a sleeping giant slowly awakening. Manifestly we had tremendous potential war strength. But how did we use it? We delivered the man power in time to turn the tide of victory.

At right: An air bomb weighing one ton. Imagine enemy bombers raining these on one of our industrial centers!

U. & U.
photos

U. & U. News photo

"At this minute our artillery, which dates from 1918, might be described as souvenir pieces," says General Bullard. Here is Battery C, 16th U. S. Field Artillery—the famous White Horse Battery—in field maneuvers.

But our men fought with artillery, tanks, and airplanes furnished by our allies. Even our machine guns arrived in France only in time for the Meuse-Argonne offense, the final battle of the war.

As a sleeping giant we had been safe behind 3,000 miles of water, the British fleet, and the Allied line. Such benevolent circumstances were unlikely to exist if war came again. It was determined that in another emergency we must blunder less.

This has caused us to make a Defense Plan; and many think that this plan makes us safe.

Let us understand this plan for what it is worth. First, it exists merely on paper. Second, it does not deal at all with instantly effective defense strength.

Because whole peoples now fight wars, the War College and General Staff have summoned industrial and transportation leaders, engineers, and experts of all kinds, and have drawn up a plan for mobilizing the nation. Under it, Uncle Sam can reach out for men, money, industries, transportation, munitions, and all the other "materials of war." This mobilization of basic defense strength was distressingly incomplete after a year and a half when last we were at war; and the new plan, product of fifteen years of work, should speed such a mobilization. The plan is a noteworthy achievement and of tremendously vital importance; but it should be remembered that it will provide us with only the raw materials of defense. Months would intervene before even the most efficient management of this program could provide us with the finished products of defense—guns, munitions, tanks, airplanes, *trained* armies.

And another war will not wait for us. They give false reassurance who claim that now we are safe because we are prepared, on paper, "to begin to get ready to fight."

Here is another lesson, and a painful one, which we must learn:

In the old wars there was a line. Along this line were soldiers, combatants. Outside the battle area there were civilians. In order to make war "more humane" there were rules which protected noncombatants.

GRADUALLY the *mass* war in Europe broke many of these rules. Defenseless cities were bombed. The Allied blockade attempted to starve Germany, including noncombatants. The U-boats killed civilians and tried to starve the people of Great Britain. Mines, factories, and other civilian enterprises were destroyed because they were war-supply sources. The question "Who is a combatant?" no longer could be answered precisely. And it is far more difficult to answer today.

If modern war has become a united effort by whole peoples, will there be ANY "noncombatant" class in the next war?

The defense plans of those nations which are crowded together in Europe—and even of isolated Japan—seem to proceed on the assumption that if another war comes "everybody's in it." Including the "statesmen" who fail to prevent it. And their wives and children.

The next war may be at your very door.

I have been looking backward very largely up to this point. For better understanding of conditions now, and of what may lie ahead, it was necessary to draw some lessons from the past. In the light of these it seems to me that readers must agree that because of the changed nature of war we can no longer afford indifference about preparedness. Moreover, we must revise our judgment regarding what constitutes adequate defense.

If the energies of a whole nation must be fused behind the thrust of a modern war, then modern strategy demands that an enemy *strike at the vitals of that nation.* Specifically, in the case of the United States, *at a triangular area extending from New England and Washington in the East to Chicago and St. Louis.* *If* we can protect that area, then our slowly gathering strength should assure us of ultimate victory.

LET us see what tools we have for protecting it.

1. A navy which we have permitted to become obsolete but which has a strong air service. Could our fleet prevent the British fleet from sailing up the broad St. Lawrence, parallel with and within aërial striking distance of a large section of our "vital triangle"? I don't think so.

If any readers think that discussion of war with England is "academic"—that such war will never come—I invite them to recall that it has been less than two decades since we were almost as irritated by British "Orders in Council" as we were subsequently by the U-boat campaign, and for a while it was a toss-up which side we would join.

Britain has six airplane carriers to our three. What is more, using quickly convertible merchantmen she can load the entire Royal Air Force on ships and transport it to any part of the world.

Tardily we are beginning the rebuilding of our navy. The building program thus far provides for no new battleships. My own conviction is that the backbone of a fleet will be not battleships but airplane carriers.

2. A regular army of "policing" and training proportions, little more than 100,000. We are the *seventeenth* military power in regulars and trained reserves.

In an age of speed, our army is geared to the army mule. Only about a third of our infantry regiments have motorized service company trains. Almost all of the motor equipment is fifteen years old. *None* of our fifteen cavalry regiments is motorized. Within the United States there is but *one battalion* of truck-drawn light field artillery. All this seems incredible in a nation which owns and operates three quarters of the world's automotive vehicles.

An appropriation from R. F. C. funds will start army motorization. That's fine. But solution of such a crisis as this cannot be quick. Armies fight as they are taught. Our regulars and reserves have been taught slow-motion warfare. Before they can be effective at motorized speeds they must learn new tactics.

For fifteen years we experimented with tanks. In 1926 we bought six. In 1932 we ordered seven. Also twelve armored cars. We have a few other experimental models of both. A handful of "mechanized" equipment—that is, self-propelled fighting vehicles. In a dozen years $2,000,000 has been spent upon what might be termed laboratory experimentation of test-tube proportions.

Japan will spend this year 180,000,000 yen on what she calls euphemistically " reëquipment with modern means." Probably divided between army aviation and mechanization and motorization.

Recognizing that World War equipment was obsolete, Britain has spent at least $100,000,000 on tanks, armored cars, artillery tractors, and machine-gun carriers, having 200 to 300 of each. Britain created a *completely* mechanized force having the strength of a division, and experimented with it until convinced that the time has not yet arrived when an " army of steel " can perform all military functions. But Britain now knows what these deadly modern weapons *can* do, and their limitations; and her army knows their proper use.

France, like Japan, successfully hides the details of her military budget and plans; but she is known to have a large number of Renault tanks, several hundred armored cars, highly mobile artillery, and swift motorized and mechanized cavalry units.

Italy likewise is known to have several hundred tanks, including many with equal speed in either direction for use without turning on the narrow mountain roads facing France. And it is worth noting that recently little Persia ordered twelve tanks here—or more than mighty U. S. A. bought for her own use last year.

HERE again, finally, it has been decided that R. F. C. funds must be tapped in order to repair a glaring military weakness. However, it is discouraging to note that, officially, some of our military authorities have advocated delay in army modernization until the ultimately perfect models of new types of weapons are evolved.

The ultimately perfect models *never* are evolved. The deadliest weapon conceivable would remain relatively ineffective unless army personnel had been taught use of it and how to coöperate with it.

More than any other nation we need to have a supply of the most modern weapons, to train with them and develop tactics for their use. This is true because we maintain only a " skeleton " land defense force, composed of trained regulars and semi-trained militia and reserve officers. If these are not trained in *modern* warfare they cannot teach the drafted millions of a civilian army. If we do not actually work with and know the use of " modern means," then we can be assured of tens of thousands of needless casualties if we are confronted by a mechanized enemy trained in modern tactics. It has been estimated that in the World War one third of our casualties should have been " preventable "; they were the result of lack of training.

Habitually the public thinks of land

"Hi, Mother
FEEL WHAT I FEEL!"
Johnson's Baby Powder

MAKE THE THUMB AND FINGER TEST!

PERHAPS you've thought, Mother, that baby powders are all *alike*.

But if babies could talk—they'd tell you that there's a mighty big, *uncomfortable* difference! Discover it yourself by making this simple little experiment—the "thumb and finger test."

Rub several different kinds of baby powders, one at a time, between your thumb and finger. You'll be surprised to find how coarse some are! In others you'll feel hard little particles. Powders like these must be torment to babies, with their sensitive, rose-petal skins!

Now try Johnson's Baby Powder. Delightfully soft—smooth—fine! It slips like silk between your finger-tips. Of course it keeps even the fattest of babies comfortable as a kitten!

Johnson's Baby Powder is made from purest, feathery-flaked Italian talc—while powders of uncertain texture are made from cheap and inferior talcs. There's no zinc stearate or orris-root in Johnson's Baby Powder, either!

Johnson & Johnson

Send 10¢ in coin (for convenience, fasten coin with strip of adhesive tape) for samples of Johnson's Baby Powder, Soap, and Cream. Dept. 146, Johnson & Johnson, New Brunswick, New Jersey.

JOHNSON'S *Baby* POWDER

invasion of the United States as unlikely. Certainly it is not impossible. We have vulnerable border areas, and these adjacent to key points in our transportation and industrial system, seizure or destruction of which would seriously cripple the nation's defense power.

3. An Army Air Corps which in two years has slipped from fourth to sixth place. The ranking—exclusive of naval air services, which are not available for land defense—now is believed to be as follows: France, Great Britain, Italy, Russia, Japan, United States.

In 1926, after study by the Dwight Morrow commission, we set out to build air power gradually under a five-year plan, to be followed by another such program. In the eighth year, the Army Air Corps' first five-year program is far from complete. Not only did we fail to continue expansion, but, as recently as a few months ago, appropriations for normal replacements were being held up, " awaiting results of the Geneva conference."

We have about 1,750 army planes. Many are old. Large numbers are primary training and observation types. At any given time many are undergoing repair and servicing. Of the most advanced types, scores must always remain on fixed post, giving tactical training.

General James E. Fechet, former commander of the Air Corps, recently made this startling statement: " Only 261 planes of combat type are instantly available for attack against an enemy who is attempting invasion—by air, land, or sea—of continental United States."

Such a force would be outnumbered several times over by the planes carried by an enemy fleet.

Under three headings we have listed the tools available for defense of the vital triangle of the United States. Or for the west coast in case of war in the Pacific. It is folly to think they are adequate.

To these should be added the General Staff's very excellent paper plan for mobilizing our basic war strength. It is folly to think that the utmost speed in " mobilizing the nation " can constitute quick enough defense against a modernized mechanized war maker striking without announcement, swiftly.

The application of science to warfare makes preparedness a longer process. Meanwhile the speed with which war can be launched gives the unprepared less and less time. That is a lesson the public, which determines defense policies, must learn.

Alas, many military leaders have not learned that lesson thoroughly. Nor do many understand fully the change in war-making methods *already brought about* by mechanical progress, notably in the development of airplanes.

It has been but four years since one of the most famous generals of the World War put himself on record for lack of vision with the declaration that a man on horseback could gallop around the earth about as quickly as a plane could make such a trip.

ONLY a few years earlier, General William Mitchell of the Army Air Corps started a bitter controversy by pointing out the vulnerability of warships to airplane attack. And for some of the things said then, he was court-martialed, and he resigned from the service in disgust. Within a decade, aviation's swift progress has made Mitchell's prophecies seem tame and commonplace.

The airplane is the deadliest weapon of war yet produced. Quite literally, it is rewriting war strategy and tactics.

It is by no means clear that the General Staffs of the most advanced military nations fully comprehend the *dominant* place which the airplane already is beginning to occupy in war strategy.

True, France, the first military nation, has the first air force. Figures before me indicate her air strength to be nearly twice that of Great Britain. But France, fearful of Germany, buries huge sums in the ground in the form of supposedly impregnable subterranean defenses along her frontier. Victory is not won by stationary defense. The victor wins by aggressiveness. And in determining the result of a future war, that steel-and-concrete frontier may not be important.

War-plane building of the last two or three years indicates that Italy, Russia, and Japan are awakening. Great Britain, though pioneering in some lines, has remained long content with an air strength far inferior to that of France. But now we hear of a British demand for 2,000 more war planes.

However, it is to Germany we can look for the soundest judgment on military questions. This nation, in the first " war of *peoples*," stood off eight times its own population. These people proved themselves the greatest war makers of all times.

And what are they doing now? They are declaring that " horizontal defense has little chance against vertical offense," and are making a demand for airplanes the center and keynote of their rearmament program. They are also, it will be recalled, drilling the entire populations of cities and towns to protect themselves as best they can against war from the air.

All Europe, leaders and people alike, seems to take it for granted that any war which comes through the air will strike soldiers and civilians alike.

Any who think of war aviation, and defense against it, in terms of 1918, or even of last year or the year before, have need of a rude awakening. Consider two types of American combat planes:

FIRST, an " attack plane," all-metal, flying at 175 miles an hour, skimming the tree tops, spitting death simultaneously from *six* machine guns, releasing ten small bombs on larger objectives. Here and gone, through a smoke screen, before rifle, machine gun, or antiaircraft gun can be turned upon it. Consider the demoralization such a plane as this can spread along an old-fashioned battle line.

Second, a " bombardment plane "—or bomber—capable of a speed of more than 200 miles an hour while loaded with more than a ton of bombs, and able to fly 600 miles, spread devastation, and return to its base. It becomes a part of the duties of such a plane as this to break the morale, or the will-to-fight, of an enemy people. Philadelphia, Buffalo, Pittsburgh, Cleveland, Detroit, Gary, Chicago—these would be logical objectives for such a plane in enemy hands.

A third combat type is the " pursuit plane," whose job is to shoot down an enemy before he can do harm.

These are planes of today, commonplace assembly-line products, and this description takes no account of deadlier weapons due tomorrow. For instance, a new Russian plane capable of carrying 150 men crashed on trial flight recently; but another one will fly, and then many more. Then it is rumored that Germany is secretly constructing a plane capable of carrying 9,000 pounds of explosive, gas, and disease bombs at a speed of 350 to 400 miles an hour. A doubtful rumor? One cannot say so definitely. Repeatedly aviation has achieved staggering racing speeds, then added load capacity.

It is already mechanically possible, we know, to send *unmanned* bombing planes against any objective, maneuvered and controlled from a distance by radio.

The picture conjured up by such things as these is one of destructive, wolfish madness. But war is destructive madness. And unpreventable madness, apparently, since fifteen years of constant peace conferences have left the nations of Europe armed as never before and ready to spring at each other's throats. We need to recognize what science has made of war, and to judge our own situation in the light of that.

It may surprise readers to learn that as our defenses are at present constituted some military experts assert emphatically that it would be possible for a European power to place an army of 100,000 men on the Atlantic seaboard *more quickly than we could do so,* and regardless of whether our fleet happened to be in the Pacific or in the Atlantic.

Any enemy invading us would come with swift tanks, armored cars, artillery tractors, machine-gun carriers, and airplanes. And unless we modernize our army and greatly increase our defense aviation, the force we could send against such an enemy would not be much more effective than the " embattled farmers " of Revolutionary times.

Although I have indicated our need for possession of and practice with the modern tools of ground warfare, I would stress as even more important the building up of air defense. *The airplane has become the first and paramount weapon of war.* There is no real defense against airplanes except airplanes.

Ground guns — however delicately equipped with direction-finding and fire-control apparatus—are not effective against planes. The planes are too fast. They will be much faster, larger, and more deadly.

The war of the future, as I conceive it, will have no "front," or battle line, in the now accepted sense. There will be, instead, a "theater of operations" a hundred times deeper in the air and wider upon the earth than in the past.

The airplane will be the chief weapon of aggression. The tool of victory.

The primary war function—that of disabling, destroying, subduing, driving into the earth, and *finishing* the enemy—will be performed by the air force.

The main function of the ground force will be to prevent the enemy from overrunning territory; and to occupy and hold positions which have been reduced or virtually demolished and conquered by aërial assault.

Even for the performance of this more "passive" function, ground forces will have to be motorized and mechanized on a scale giving them swiftest mobility. However strong, their power to fight will be in constant jeopardy because of the chaos in transport and supply lines caused by aërial bombardment.

SUCH land forces will be unable, through their own action, to prevent outflanking movements. It will be possible to outflank an enemy vertically. Even fleets of planes of the size now being built could carry not only men and machine guns but tanks and light artillery *over* an enemy line, and thus land an expedition for an attack from the rear. Or seize an important key position hundreds of miles away. Light tanks already are being constructed for transport by airplane.

Throughout such weird and devastating warfare as this, of course, there will occur bombing attacks upon strategic points 1,000 or 1,500 miles away from the heart of the theater of operations. Nor am I looking into the far future in that sentence. There are being constructed in this country today six giant commercial seaplanes for transoceanic use which will have a cruising range in excess of 3,000 miles, loaded.

A "war zone" will be almost nation-wide; for many nations of Europe, literally that.

As the narrow English Channel, plus the British fleet, safeguarded Great Britain for centuries, so should the wide oceans, plus a truly great air force, become our chief guaranties against invasion.

With typical vagueness in thinking, we have built up for ourselves a feeling of security based upon the fact that we have the greatest airplane-plant capacity and lead the world in commercial aviation. But commercial planes are not war planes. The war plane has become a highly specialized mechanism.

Moreover, we use machine-production methods, whereas in most countries airplanes are built by hand. By adding men, the airplane plants of other powers could speed up quickly. Because it would first be necessary for us to "tool up" our plants, it is estimated that it would be six months after war declaration before we could equal and surpass the plane-production rate of a hostile great power.

Again we come back to the fact that the production of the most modern weapons requires time. It is impossible to arm overnight. Learning mastery of modern weapons requires more time. Altering strategy and tactics as demanded by their use requires yet more time. Time, time, and more time is what the unprepared nation needs if war breaks. But modern wars break ever more swiftly as the mechanization of war-making increases.

Traditionally we have been cocksure in peacetime and hysterical in wartime. Does that seem sane, in the light of facts which have been cited here?

I leave with the reader the question: Are we adequately prepared?

THE END

The girl nobody wants to be

Who is she?

She is the girl who makes men say, "Why can't she get wise to herself?"

• • • •

You can't blame a man for avoiding a girl who is careless about underarm perspiration odor.

It really *is* inexcusable these days when it's so easy to avoid. With Mum!

Use Mum when you dress, or use it afterwards. It's harmless to clothing, you know.

It's soothing to the skin, too; even a sensitive skin. You can use Mum right after shaving the underarms.

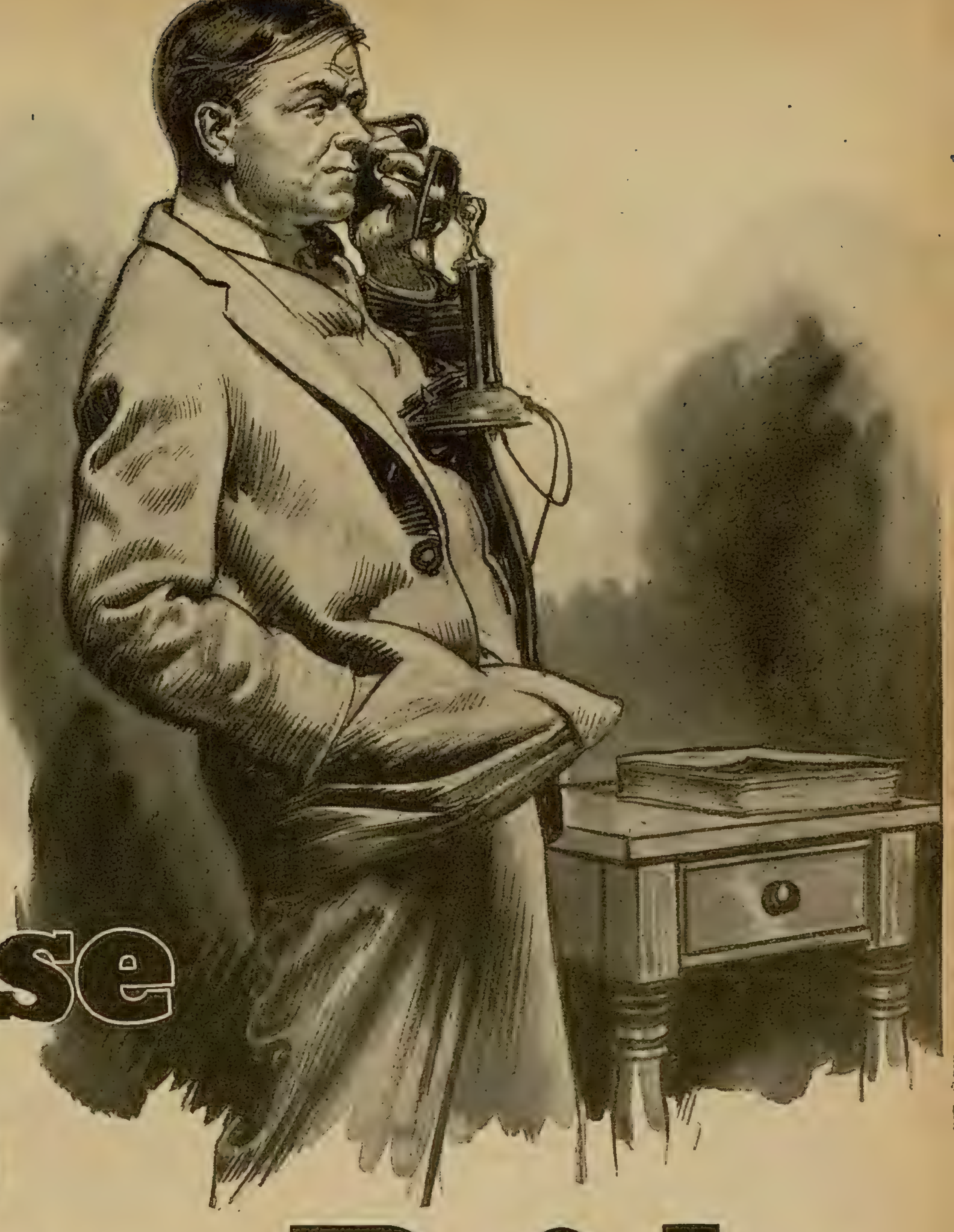
Remember, this dainty deodorant cream does away with unpleasant body odor *without* preventing perspiration itself. Use Mum; be sure of yourself. Bristol-Myers, Inc., 75 West St., New York.

TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

"WE PRIZE MUM FOR THIS, TOO," women say. "We simply couldn't get along without it on sanitary napkins. It relieves us of all worry and doubt."

Better than "The Case of the Howling Dog"—Don't Fail to Follow This New Exploit of Perry Mason, Crime Investigator Extraordinary

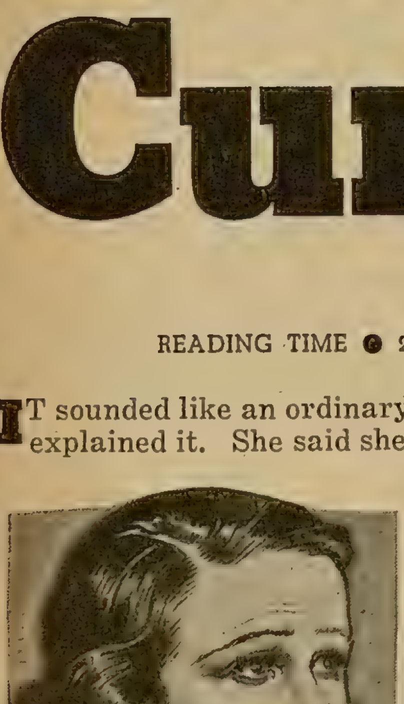
ILLUSTRATIONS BY FRANK GODWIN



The Case of the Curious Bride

READING TIME ● 26 MINUTES 14 SECONDS

IT sounded like an ordinary case as Helen Crocker nervously explained it. She said she represented a woman friend who wanted to know if she had to produce the body of her husband, killed in an airplane accident more than seven years ago, in order to collect his insurance and be free to marry again.

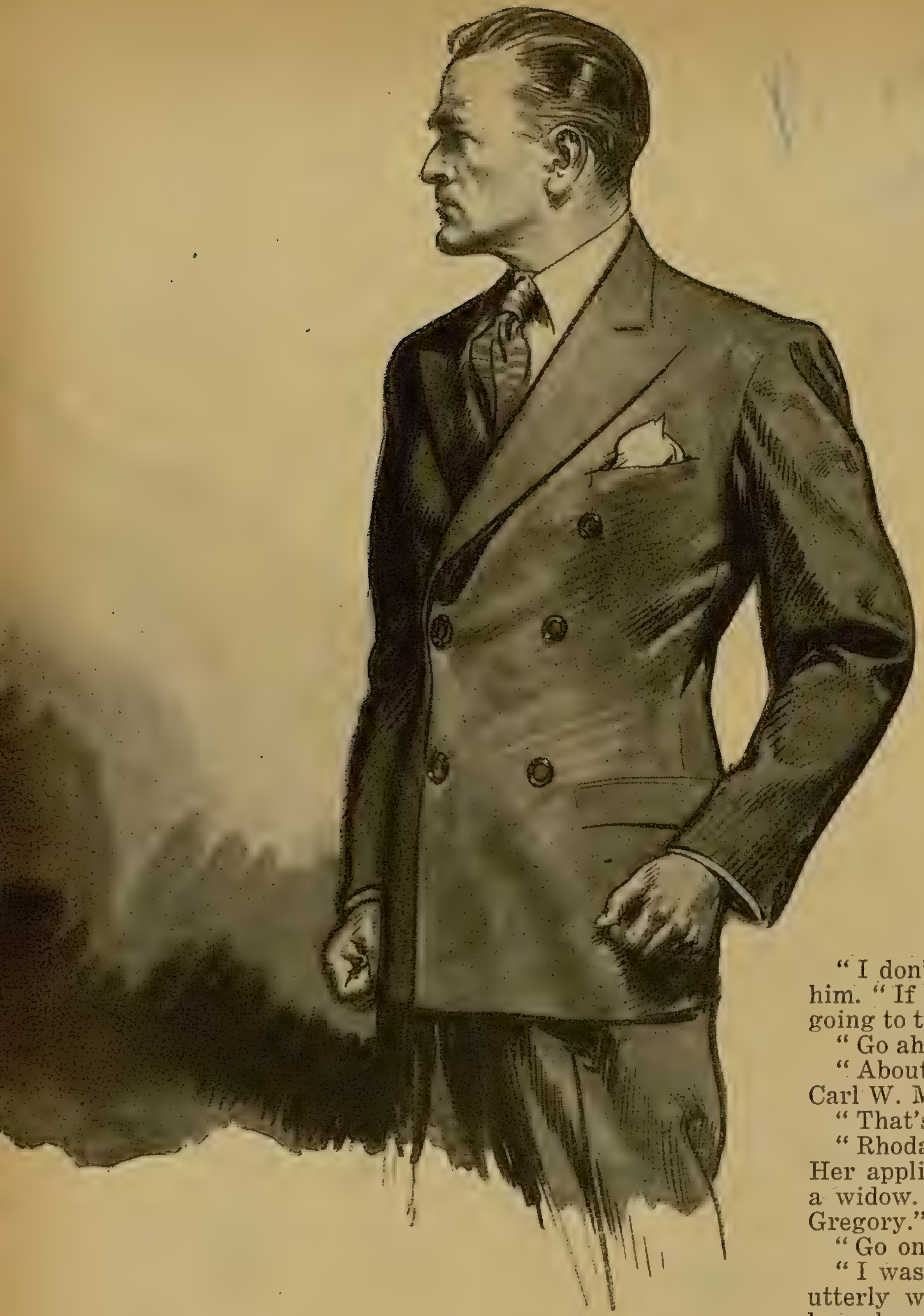


However, when Perry Mason questions her further he becomes suddenly alert. While Helen Crocker frantically denies it, he gathers that the woman friend must keep the body concealed to escape prosecution for murder.

The lawyer refuses to render any opinion until he has talked with the woman friend, and his strange caller hurries out declaring this would be impossible.

Discussing the situation later with his secretary, Della Street, Perry Mason is certain Helen Crocker was seeking legal advice for herself. Paul Drake, a private detective, enters to report that a man shadowed her when she left the building. Then Mason finds her hand bag in his inner office. In it are $152, a small loaded pistol, and a telegram addressed to R. Montaine and signed "Gregory." The message demanded a final decision by five o'clock that afternoon.

Perry Mason regrets his attitude toward his would-be client. She was in trouble and he had refused to help her. He was untrue to his profession, he told himself, and determines to find her and make amends. He hurries to the address on the telegram. Nell Brinley, a trained nurse, there admits Helen Crocker's right name is Rhoda Lorton and that she recently married a man named Montaine. But Nell Brinley doesn't know where they have gone. Mason retains Drake to help him on the case and, tracing the origin of the telegram, goes to see its sender, Gregory Moxley. Moxley, well dressed and suave, is affable at first. But when Perry Mason says he is a friend of Rhoda Lorton and a lawyer, Moxley whips out a pistol and covers him with it.



Perry Mason jumped to his feet. "If that's Rhoda," he said, "I want to talk with her." Moxley pushed out the gun in his pocket. "Stop right where you are!" he ordered.

by ERLE STANLEY GARDNER

PART TWO—"I WOULDN'T DARE TO TELL"

WHAT do you want?" Moxley said.

"I want to know just what it is you're trying to get out of Rhoda."

"For a friend," Moxley said, "you do a lot of talking."

He slid the gun into the side pocket of his coat but kept it pointed steadily at Perry Mason.

"Suppose," Mason said, "I tell you my story."

"Suppose you do."

"As I said, I'm an attorney. Something happened which caused me to interest myself in Rhoda. It doesn't make any difference what it was. I realized she was in some sort of trouble. I thought I could help her. I realized that the trouble revolved in some way about you. Unfortunately, I couldn't get in touch with Rhoda; therefore I decided to get in touch with you."

Moxley's left hand pounded steadily on the arm of his chair. His right hand remained concealed from sight in the jacket pocket.

"For a lawyer," he said, "you talk like a damn' fool."

Mason shrugged his shoulders.

After a moment Moxley said, "So Rhoda spilled her guts to you, did she?"

"I have told you," Perry Mason said, "the exact truth."

"You're still not answering my question."

"I don't have to answer your questions," Mason told him. "If you're not going to tell me anything, then I'm going to tell you something."

"Go ahead and tell me," Moxley remarked.

"About a week ago Rhoda Montaine was married to Carl W. Montaine."

"That's no news to me."

"Rhoda's name before she was married was Lorton. Her application for license to marry says that she was a widow. The first name of her former husband was Gregory."

"Go on."

"I was just wondering," Perry Mason said, his face utterly without expression, "if perhaps Rhoda might have been mistaken."

"What do you mean?"

"If she might not have been a widow after all. If perhaps the man to whom she was married was not dead, but had perhaps disappeared for, let us say, the statutory period of seven years. Following such a disappearance, a man is presumed to be dead. It is, of course, a disputable presumption and can be rebutted by proof that the man has not died."

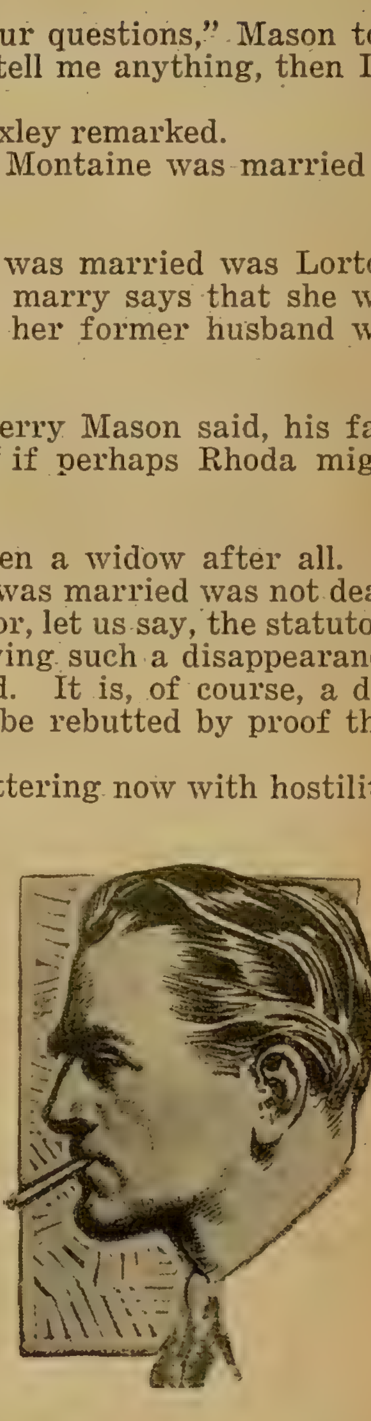
Moxley's keen eyes were glittering now with hostility.

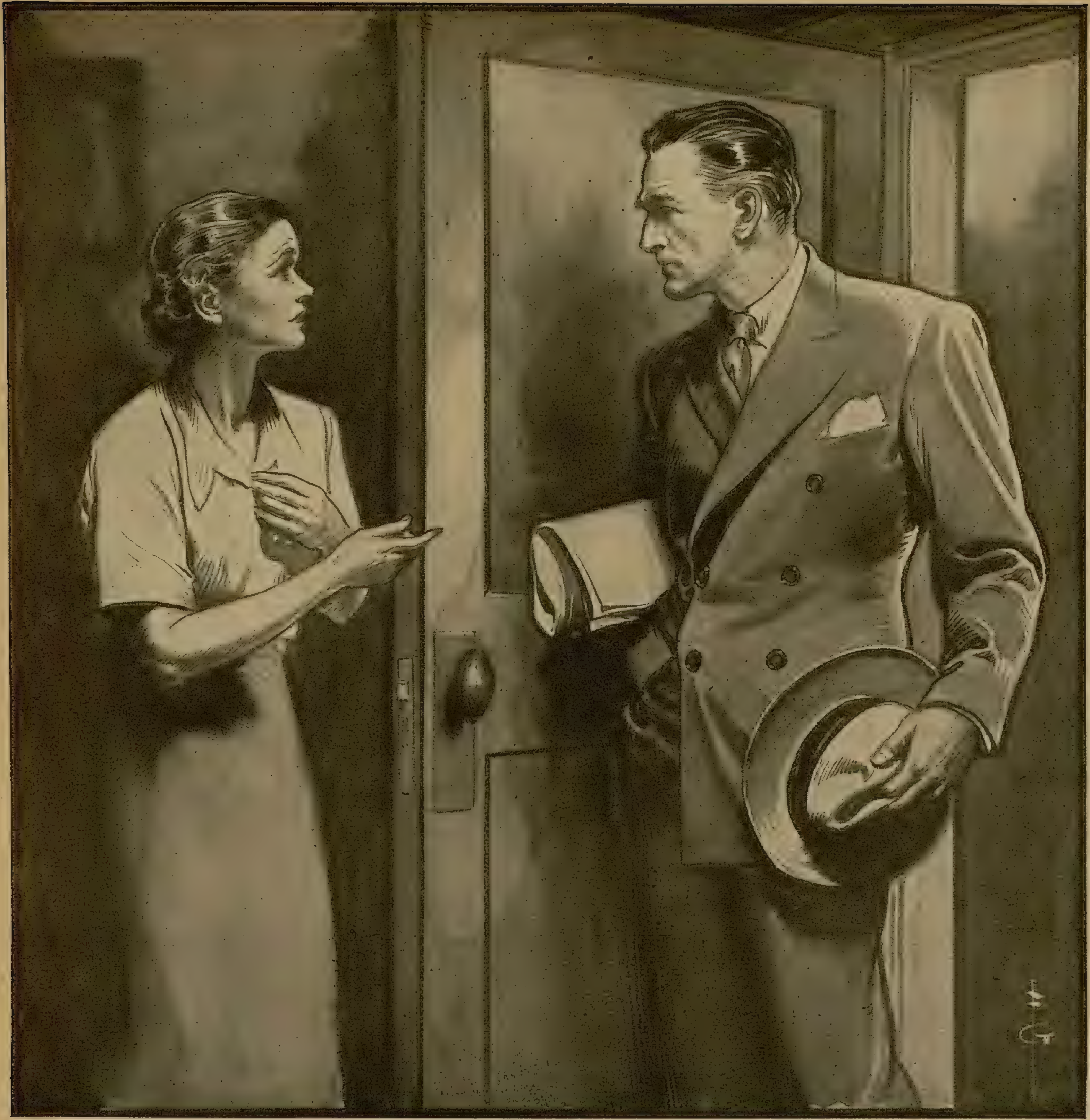
"You seem to know a lot," he said—"for a friend. But you've still got a lot to learn."

"Such as?"

"Such as about butting into things that don't concern you."

A telephone rang. Moxley walked warily around Mason, keeping the gun trained on him, stood with his back to the wall near a small table on which was a desk telephone. He picked up the receiver with his left hand, clamped the last two fin-





"Have you seen it, chief?" she asked. "Just the headlines," he told her. "Was it some one we know?" Della Street's face was more eloquent than words.

gers of the hand against the rubber mouthpiece, raised the receiver to his ear, the telephone to his lips.

"What is it?" he asked.

The receiver made rasping metallic noises.

"Not now," Moxley said. "I've got a visitor. . . . I tell you, not now. . . . You should know who the visitor is. . . . I say you *should*. He's a lawyer. His name is Mason."

Perry Mason jumped to his feet.

"If that's Rhoda," he said, "I want to talk with her."

He strode toward the man at the telephone.

Moxley pushed out the gun in his pocket.

"Stop right where you are!" he ordered.

Mason stood still for a moment, staring steadily into the man's eyes. Then he laughed.

"You haven't got the guts," he said, and started to walk once more toward the telephone.

Moxley braced his shoulder as though against a coming recoil. He said: "I'll shoot you like a dog."

"Rhoda," called Perry Mason in a loud voice, "telephone my office!"

Moxley slammed the receiver back into position.

"Damn you!" he said. "You've got no business butting into this!"

Mason shrugged his shoulders.

"IN case you should shoot," he said, "you'll probably want a little legal advice. The first thing to do is to keep your mouth shut, no matter what they do to you. They may beat you up a bit. But if you talk they'll give you the death penalty.

"That death penalty isn't at all nice. It's bad enough to be dragged from a cell like a rat from a cage and put to death. It's a lot worse to have advance knowledge of the time when you're going to be killed. Sitting in a cell, measuring the (*Continued on page twenty-six*)

LOOK AT BRAKES AND BODIES_

NOW THAT PRICES ARE ALL THE SAME

TODAY, MOST PEOPLE KNOW that the prices of "All Three" low-priced cars are pretty much alike.

Models may differ by a few dollars . . . but it's safe to say that when a new Plymouth Special Six is delivered at your door, it costs you about the same as the comparable model of either of Plymouth's two competitors.

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Four-Door Sedan . . .	$620
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FLOATING POWER Engine Mountings. Keep vibration away from you. You ride relaxed.

INDIVIDUAL WHEEL SPRINGING. The best of the so-called "knee-type" springs, as used on the most expensive cars, for a more comfortable back-seat ride.

Four piston rings instead of three. Four-bearing Crankshaft—Valve-seat Inserts—Oil Filter.

Prices as low as $485 for Standard Plymouth. All prices f. o. b. factory, Detroit, subject to change without notice. Time payments by Official Chrysler Motors Commercial Credit Plan.

PLYMOUTH MOTOR CORPORATION

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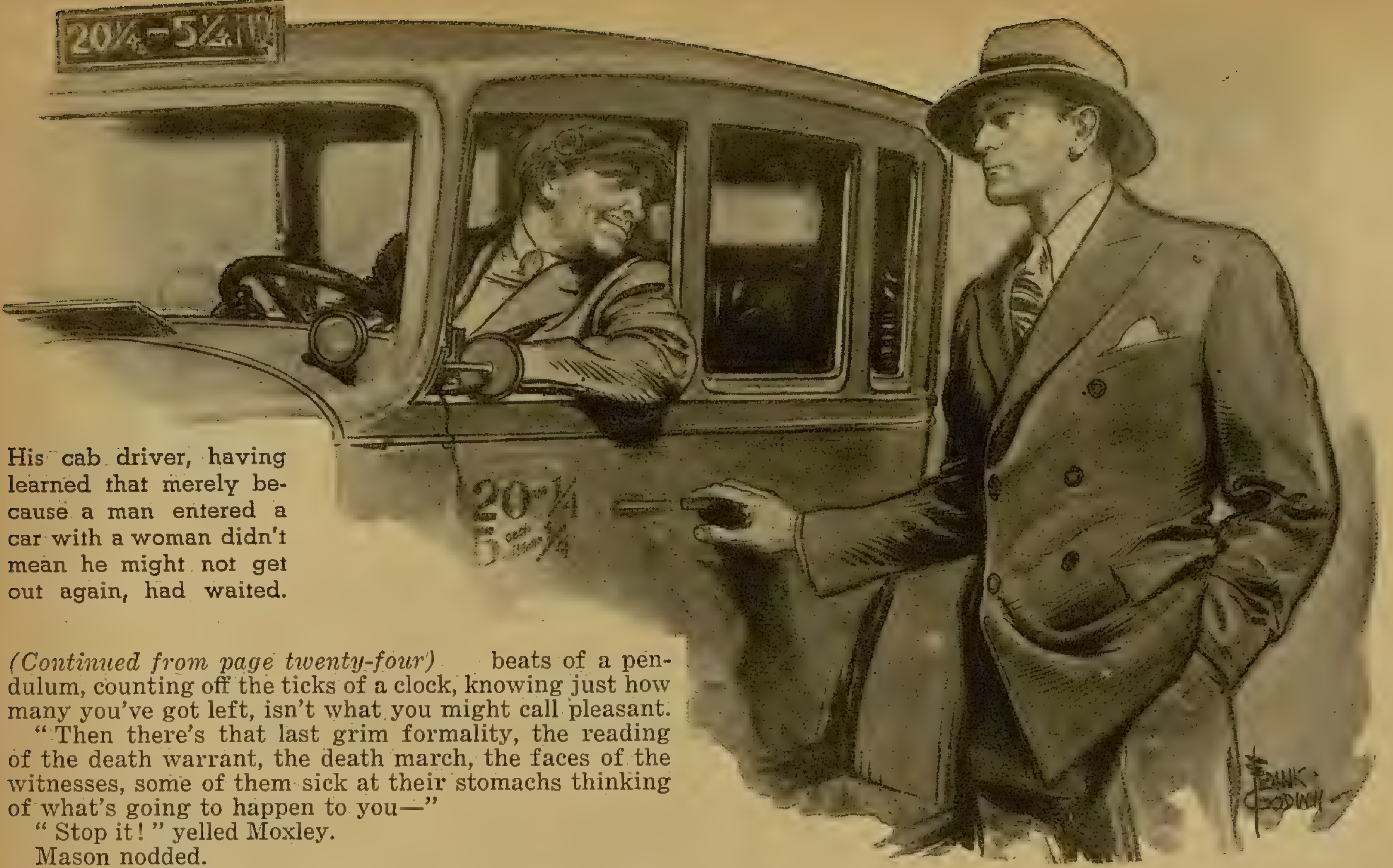

His cab driver, having learned that merely because a man entered a car with a woman didn't mean he might not get out again, had waited.

(Continued from page twenty-four) beats of a pendulum, counting off the ticks of a clock, knowing just how many you've got left, isn't what you might call pleasant.

"Then there's that last grim formality, the reading of the death warrant, the death march, the faces of the witnesses, some of them sick at their stomachs thinking of what's going to happen to you—"

"Stop it!" yelled Moxley.

Mason nodded.

"I just wanted you to know," he said; "and I just wanted you to know that I'm friendly to Rhoda Montaine. If I were you I don't think I'd try any blackmail."

He put on his hat, turned his back deliberately on Moxley, walked out.

At the curb Mason stepped into his cab, drove to a drug store, and telephoned Della Street.

"Anything new?" he asked.

"Yes," she said. "We've chased back the records on Rhoda Montaine. She was Rhoda Lorton, wife of Gregory Lorton, and Gregory Lorton died in February of 1929 of pneumonia. The attending physician was Dr. Claude Millsap. He signed the death certificate."

"Where does Dr. Millsap live?"

"The Teresita Apartments—1928 Beechwood Street."

"What else?" he asked.

"We've traced the gun that was in the purse."

"What did you find out?"

"The gun," she said, "was sold to Claude Millsap, who gave his address as 1928 Beechwood Street."

Perry Mason gave a low whistle.

"Tell Drake," he said, "that I want him to find out all he can about a man named Gregory Moxley, Colemont Apartments, 316 Norwalk Avenue."

"Listen, chief," Della said. "Aren't you getting in rather deep when you haven't any client or any case?"

Perry Mason's tone was once more light-hearted.

"I'M having the time of my life, Della," he said. "I'm playing a little game with myself. I'm acting on the assumption that I know what Rhoda Montaine would have told me if I'd won her confidence, and I'm trying to square myself to myself, if you know what I mean."

"*I* know what you mean," she told him, "because I know you; but lots of people wouldn't."

He laughed and hung up.

He approached the drug counter.

"What's ipral?" he asked.

The clerk studied him for a moment.

"A species of sedative. It induces sleep—not a drugged sleep but a restful slumber."

"Would it act like knockout drops?"

"Not at all—not in any proper dose."

Mason nodded, returned to his cab.

"Where to?" the driver asked.

Perry Mason frowned speculatively, as though weighing two possible plans of campaign in his mind.

Three blocks down the street a car swung at high speed into Norwalk Avenue.

Mason's eyes focused on it, and the eyes of the cab driver, following those of Mason, stared at the car.

"Sure is coming," said the cab driver.

"A woman is driving it," Mason said.

ABRUPTLY Mason stepped into the street, held up his hand. The car swerved toward the curb. Rhoda Montaine's flushed face stared at Perry Mason.

"I've got your purse," Perry Mason said.

"I know it," she told him. "I knew it before I'd gone half a block from your office. I started back after it, and then decided to let it go. I figured that you'd open it and ask a lot of questions. I didn't want to answer them. What were you doing at Gregory's?"

Mason jerked open the door of the car, climbed in beside Rhoda Montaine, and grinned at her.

"I gave you a rotten deal today," he said. "A little sympathy would have won your confidence. Then I could have helped you. I'm doing penance now."

Her eyes were glittering points of black indignation.

"Did you call it penance to break in on Gregory?"

He nodded.

"Well," she said, "you've complicated matters enormously. As soon as I knew you were there I was afraid something was going to happen. I got out here as quickly as I could."

"Why didn't you keep your five-o'clock appointment?"

"Because I couldn't reach a decision. I telephoned him to tell him that he'd have to wait until later."

"What," asked Perry Mason, "does he want?"

"That," she said, "is none of your business."

"That," he told her, "is one of the things you were going to tell me when you called at my office."

"I wasn't going to tell you any such thing."

"You would have if I'd won your confidence."

"Well, you didn't win it."

"Let's not work at cross-purposes," Mason said. "I've been trying to get in touch with you all day."

"I presume," she said, "you went through my purse."

"Every bit of it," he told her. "What's more, I purloined your telegram, went to see Nell Brinley, started detectives to work getting all the dope I could."

"What did you find out?"

"Plenty," he said. "Who's Dr. Millsap?"

She caught her breath in quick consternation.

"A friend," she said.

"Does your husband know him?"

"No. How did you find out about him?"

"Oh, I've been getting around," he told her. "I've been trying to put myself in a position to help you."

"You can't help me," she said, "except by telling me the one thing."

"What one thing?"

"Whether, after a man has disappeared for seven years, he's presumed to be dead."

"Under certain circumstances he is, yes. It's seven years in some cases, five in others."

There was vast relief on her countenance.

"Then," she said, "a subsequent marriage would be legal."

Mason's face was lined with sympathy as he slowly shook his head.

"I'm sorry, Mrs. Montaine," he said, "but that's only a presumption. If Gregory Moxley is really Gregory Lorton, your first husband, and he shows up alive and well, your marriage to Carl Montaine is voidable."

SHE looked at him with eyes that were dark with suffering. Her lips quivered.

"I love him so," she said simply.

Perry Mason's hand dropped to her shoulder, patted it reassuringly.

"Tell me about him, Rhoda," he said.

"Oh," she said, "you wouldn't understand. No man would understand. I can't even understand, myself. I nursed him when he was sick. He had acquired a drug habit. His folks would have died if they had known. I'm a trained nurse, you know—that is, I was."

"Go on," Mason said.

"I can't tell you about my marriage to Gregory," she said. "That was ghastly. It happened when I was just a kid—young, innocent, and impressionable. He was nine years older than I. People warned me against him, but he had that air of sophisticated deference that captivates a young woman."

"Go on," Mason said.

"I had a little money saved up. He took it and vanished."

Mason's eyes narrowed.

"Did you give him the money," he asked, "or did he steal it?"

"He stole it. I gave it to him to get some stocks with. He told me about a wonderful bargain he could get by picking up some securities through a friend who was hard up. I gave him the money. He went out and never came back."

"Did you notify the police?" he asked.

"Not about the money," she said. "I thought he had been in an accident of some kind, and I telephoned all of the hospitals. It was a long time before I got suspicious of what had really happened."

"Why not have him arrested?"

"I don't dare to."

"Why?"

"I can't tell you."

"Why can't you tell me?"

"It's something I don't dare to tell any one. It's something that has driven me to the verge of suicide."

"Was that what the gun was for?"

"No."

"You intended to kill Moxley?"

She was silent.

"Was that," Mason inquired, "why you wanted to know about the *corpus delicti?*"

Again she was silent.

"Look here," he said. "You need some one to confide in. Suppose you tell me the truth, the whole truth."

"Oh, it's awful! I wouldn't dare."

"Does your husband know any of this?" Mason asked.

"Good heavens, no!" she said. "That's the awful part of it. If he ever knew, it would be horrible."

"Why?"

"Did you," she asked, "ever hear of C. Philip Montaine of Chicago?"

"No; what about him?"

"He's a very wealthy man—an old fogy who traces his ancestry back to the Revolution."

"Go on," Mason prompted.

"Carl is his son. C. Philip Montaine disapproved of me very, very much. He'd never seen me; but the idea of his son marrying a nurse came as a shock to him."

"Did he know Carl was going to marry you before the wedding?"

"No. We ran away and were married."

"And Carl is very much under his influence?"

She nodded vigorously.

"You'd have to see Carl to understand. He's weak. He's weak mentally and morally—that is, he hasn't a strong will power. He's easily influenced."

"You see all of those defects in his character clearly," Mason said, "and yet you love him."

"I LOVE him," she said, "more than anything in the world. You'd have to understand what I went through in order to realize how I love him and why I love him. I went through hell for years after my first marriage. It killed something within me. I could never love any man the way I could have loved my first husband. I don't want that kind of love. Instead, there's something of the maternal in my love now. My first love was that of illusion. I wanted a man to worship, a man to look up to, a man who was as near perfect as a man could be, a man whom I could consider as God.

"Now I've learned my lesson. I'd be afraid of such a man. I'd know that he wouldn't have truth or loyalty—that he'd leave me, and I couldn't

"How can you afford this good liquor?" friends ask me!

NATIONAL DISTILLERS
PENN-MARYLAND CORPORATION
ONE PINT
BRIGADIER
90 PROOF
WHISKEY
A Blend
BLENDED AND BOTTLED BY PENN-MARYLAND CORP.
JERSEY CITY NEW JERSEY

Some people think that good liquor must be expensive. But they haven't met Brigadier. It saves me plenty, yet has taste, bouquet and flavor — everything real good whiskey should have.

A GOOD WHISKEY AT A LOW PRICE

BRIGADIER

OTHER FINE BLENDS BY PENN-MARYLAND

Shenandoah • Belle of Nelson
Spring Garden • Green River

This advertisement is not intended to offer alcoholic beverages for sale or delivery in any state or community wherein the sale or use thereof is unlawful.

keep him. I want a man who is broken, something that's weak. I want to protect him. I want to stand between him and the world. I want to mother him."

"Does your husband," asked Perry Mason, "appreciate that kind of love?"

"He will," she said. "He's been accustomed to knuckling under his father. He's had it drilled into him that his family name and his family position are the two main factors in life. He wants to go through life carried on the shoulders of his dead ancestors. He thinks family means everything. It's become an obsession."

"Now," Mason told her, "we're commencing to get somewhere. You're telling me the things that are on your mind, and you're feeling better already."

She shook her head in quick negation.

"No," she said; "I can't tell you all. What I wanted to find out was about the legality of my marriage to Carl. I can go through anything if that marriage is only legal. But if he can leave me, it would break my heart."

"If," Mason said slowly, "he's the type who would walk away and leave you, don't you think you're wasting your affection on him?"

"That's just what I've been trying to make clear," she said. "It's because he is that type that I love him. He's weak, and I love him because he's weak. Perhaps it's a starved mother complex; perhaps it's just being goofy—I don't know. I can't explain it. It's the way I feel. You can't explain your feelings—you can only recognize them."

"What," asked Perry Mason, "is it you're keeping from me?"

"Something horrible," she told him.

"You're going to tell me?"

"Good heavens, no!" she said. "I never intended to tell you this much."

THERE was sympathy in the eyes of the lawyer. He said slowly, "I wish you wouldn't act this way. Your first husband disappeared. You married in good faith, after you thought he was dead. You can't be blamed. You can go ahead and get a divorce from him and remarry Carl Montaine."

There were tears in her eyes.

"You don't understand Carl," she said. "You don't understand his background. If this marriage isn't good, I could never get a divorce from my first husband and then marry Carl."

There was a moment of silence.

"Are you going to confide in me?" the lawyer asked.

She shook her head.

"Promise me one thing, then," he told her.

"What?"

"That you will come to my office in the morning and let me talk with you there. You'll have an opportunity to sleep on it, a chance to think things over."

A look of decision stamped itself upon her face. There was a cunning glint to her eyes. "All right," she said; "I'll make you that promise."

"And now," Mason told her, "you can drive me back to my office."

"No," she said, "I can't. I've got to get back to my husband. He'll be expecting me. I was simply furious when I learned that you had gone to see Gregory. I didn't know what might happen. I came tearing out here to try and locate you. But I don't dare to wait any longer."

Mason nodded. His cab driver, hopeful of picking up a fare back to town, having learned from experience that merely because a man entered a car with a woman didn't mean that he might not get out again, had waited.

Perry Mason snapped back the catch on the door.

"Tomorrow morning at nine o'clock?" he asked.

"Make it nine thirty," she said.

Mason nodded assent, smiled reassuringly at her. . . .

Perry Mason emerged from the garage where he kept his car the next morning, started to walk the half block to his office. A newsboy on the corner whipped a newspaper from under his arm.

"Read all about it!" he screamed. "She hit him and he died! Read about it."

Mason purchased the newspaper, glanced at the headlines which streamed across the top of the page:

MIDNIGHT VISITOR KILLS CROOK
Woman May Have Clubbed Confidence Man

Mason pushed his way into the stream of pedestrians converging on the skyscraper entrance. As he entered a crowded elevator a man touched his arm.

"Good morning, counselor," he said. "Have you read about it?"

Perry Mason shook his head. "I seldom read crime news," he said. "I see enough of it at first hand."

"Clever stunt you pulled in that last case of yours," the man said.*

Mason smiled his thanks, welcomed the stopping of the elevator at his floor. He walked briskly down the corridor to his office and opened the door.

Della Street's eyes were dark with concern.

"Have you seen it, chief?" she asked.

She indicated the paper under his arm.

"Just the headlines," he told her. "Some confidence man bumped off. Was it some one we know?"

Della Street's face was more eloquent than words.

Who was the murder victim? And who was the midnight visitor? Perry Mason is due for the shock of his life when he reads about that crime, and the woman who may have committed it. Don't miss next week's installment of this thrilling story. It injects some startling developments into the plight of Rhoda Montaine and her mysterious marital troubles.

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*Editor's Note: The man was referring to The Case of the Howling Dog, another famous mystery which Perry Mason solved and which the author reported in Liberty, beginning January 13, 1934.

GOOD BOOKS—by Oliver Swift

★ ★ ★ **SATAN'S CIRCUS** by Lady Eleanor Smith. The Bobbs-Merrill Company.
The daughter of England's late Earl of Birkenhead presents a series of short stories anent gypsy, circus, and side-show life which fairly scream realism.

★ ★ ★ **BOULEVARD** by Katharine Haviland-Taylor. J. B. Lippincott Company.
Millionaire teaches his selfish daughter that happiness and contentment come from plain living and plain people. Two interesting romances for good measure.

★ ★ ½ **PEKING MADNESS** by J. Van Dyke. Doubleday, Doran & Co., Inc.
Peking's intoxicating and inescapable influence is the background for this story of a loving woman's experience with love.

★ ★ **A BACKWARD GLANCE** by Edith Wharton. D. Appleton-Century Company, Inc.
Mrs. Wharton writes like a rich relative who must be catered to. Her hard-pencil sketches of Meredith and the great god of her life, Henry James, are worth the price of admission, however.

★ ★ **DEATH ON THE DIAMOND** by Cortland Fitzsimmons. The Frederick A. Stokes Company.
A sharp, briskly paced mystery by the author of 70,000 Witnesses, which will enthuse those who are not too technical in their attitude toward baseball, police methods, or newspapers.

★ ★ **"SOUND" AND "UNSOUND MONEY"** by Twyman O. Abbott. Telegraph Press.
In which a member of the New York and California bars discusses the old battle over silver.

★ ★ **BEWARE! THE HAWKS!** by Kenneth Bradley. The Frederick A. Stokes Company.
He-man stuff out of Africa. Not Rider Haggard, but worth reading.

Most of Them Are Dubs, but They Play and Play and Play—Here Are Some Reasons Why

RATTLE
RATTLE
R.B. FULLER

3,000,000 GOLFERS Can't Be Wrong

by MYLES COEN

READING TIME ● 3 MINUTES 36 SECONDS

MYLES COEN *started golf at nine and has been at it ever since, from Maine to Havana, indoors and out, except for a couple of years in the army. He is thirty-one years old.*

JOE GOOFUS, the average golfer, the Great American Dub, is in the midst of the great annual trek to the golf course. This annual hegira is assuming proportions that make it a matter of national concern, and with the coming of the New Leisure, plus reduction in golf costs, it will probably be increased. Golf has penetrated every social level. Even the ministers play. Which reminds me.

I was playing with a minister once, and after a particularly atrocious shot I asked him to tell me in confidence whether he ever cursed. "No," he said, "I don't swear after a shot like that, but where I spit the grass never grows again."

The most reliable approximation puts the total number of golfers at not less than three millions. A conservative survey puts the number of courses in this country in 1916 at 742, and as of this year over 6,000. These courses, including the clubhouses and the many driving ranges which have sprung up since 1929, represent an investment of more than a billion dollars. If we add to this figure the sums represented in the manufacture of golf clubs, balls, and other accessories, fertilizer, implements, and machinery for the upkeep of courses, and the merchandise in the hands of manufacturers, golf professionals, and stores—it's colossal.

A question which Joe Goofus always asks himself is: "Why do I play so badly?"

And he does play badly. The best informed guessers put the average score of all golfers at over a hundred strokes for eighteen holes.

Everything is done to make the game simple for Joe Goofus. Manufacturers spend unreservedly of their wealth and ingenuity in developing golf balls that will fly always farther and straighter. Not more care was lavished on the Toledo blades of old than is expended in making his clubs miracles of balance and beauty.

The greens committee spares no expense in smoothing out the turf of fairway and green so that no worm cast, no wayward weed shall stay the smooth progress of his ball.

Every hole is clearly marked with a flag and there are extra flags and signposts whenever there may be room for doubt.

Every player is provided with a caddie to tote his clubs, replace his divots, and offer him expert advice.

What would you think of a baseball player if—with the ball hanging over the plate on a string, with all day to get set, with the players and the grandstand adjured to utter silence—he still couldn't hit the ball?

Joe spends plenty of money for expert advice and assistance. The entire Scotch race has practically devoted itself to improving his golf. At a price, of course. That price is probably higher than Joe realizes. Suppose we figure that two thousand dollars is spent at the average club for instruction each year. That's ten millions of dollars. Add to this the unrecorded sums spent for lessons at driving ranges and in indoor golf schools, books, movies on golf, syndicated columns and magazines, and all told, the sum can hardly be less than twenty million dollars.

Not only does he play badly; he doesn't improve. Joe may say that he doesn't care; that he only plays golf for the exercise and companionship: Oh, yeah? Do you know what a defense mechanism is, Joe? That line may fool some people, including yourself at times, but not me.

If Joe wants to improve his golf he will have to use a little of the intelligence that he applies to his business affairs. He cannot leave his brains at home like the famous lady who "didn't know which end of the caddie to take hold of."

The basic trouble lies in that Joe has confused learning *how* to swing a golf club with learning to swing the club. Read that carefully, Joe. Less time should be spent in informing the mind on golf and more time in training the muscles.

The golf swing is not a mental accomplishment but a neuromuscular habit which can only be formed, not by reading about it or thinking about it or wishing about it, but by practice.

Joe ought to learn something about habit. He lives by it. Nearly everything he does, from tying his shoe laces in the morning to the position he assumes before falling asleep, is the result of habit. If he wants to play good golf he must form the habit of playing and swinging correctly.

THE END

MUTINY in the Arctic

A Stirring Saga in Ice and Death— The Real Story of the Greely Expedition at Last

by

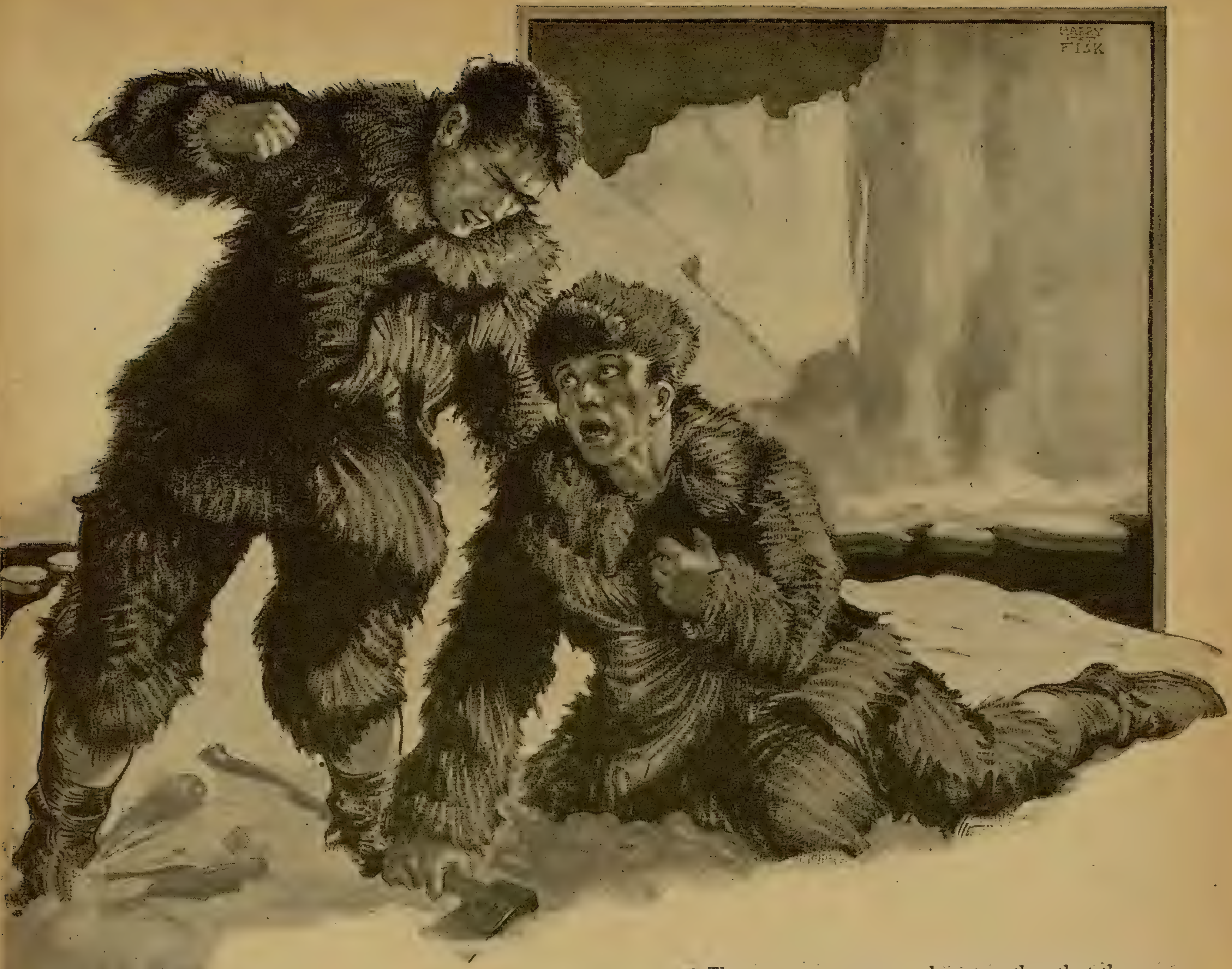
GENERAL WILLIAM MITCHELL

ILLUSTRATIONS BY HARRY T. FISK

READING TIME ● 26 MINUTES 22 SECONDS

THE earlier stages of that frightful ordeal which Greely and his men underwent at Cape Sabine in 1883-84 were pictured by General Mitchell in last week's installment. It was their third Arctic winter in Grinnell Land. Relief having again failed to reach them, they had retreated southward from Fort Conger and had improvised a hut. Their stores of food were now pitiably insufficient. Four men made a heroic endeavor to bring in meat from an old cache at Cape Isabella. One of these, Elison, had his hands and feet frozen; his comrades got him back to the hut alive, but thereafter he was helpless.

As early as November it was suspected that somebody was stealing food. In January, with one man dying, most of the others weakening, and scurvy upon them, it appeared that a big private, Henry by name, must be the thief. In March the case against him was clear, but Greely decided against extreme measures. A few days later there was yet another theft. Once more circumstances pointed to Henry.



● The two men were so close together that there was danger of shooting the sergeant, but the aim was true.

PART THREE—CONCLUSION

ON March 25, 1884, for the first time since the hut had been constructed, a ray of outside light entered it, giving the party renewed confidence.

Brainard, Rice, and Long were now the three most active men, shrimping and hunting whenever they could. Christiansen and Jens, the Eskimos, were not able to keep up to the same extent as the white men in this race with death.

On March 27, Greely's fortieth birthday, Long succeeded in killing thirty-eight dovekies, thirty-three of which Jens retrieved with his kayak, which he had carried along all through their wanderings and privations. This was a wonderful boon to the starving men, and cheer after cheer was given the hunters as they came in with the game. On the 28th Rice caught twenty-seven pounds of shrimps; almost every day the men took several pounds of them in the nets.

Poor Elison asked the doctor if he could not do something for his feet, as they itched so uncomfortably. He did not know that both his feet had been gone since January.

During April the strength of the men began to ebb alarmingly. Christiansen the Eskimo died on April 5 from plain starvation. On the 6th Lynn died, asking for water. It was noted in subsequent cases that the men kept asking for water from twelve to six hours before they died.

On this day Rice and Fredericks started out to attempt to recover the English beef abandoned on the Cape Isabella trip to save the life of Sergeant Elison. Greely had refused to let them try it before, but now the desperate straits of the party induced him to consent. The two men asked only that they be allowed to make the trip on the same ration issued to the rest of the party, four ounces of meat and four ounces of bread daily; but Greely made them take six ounces each. As Rice had been sick, Greely tried vainly to dissuade him from going.

The sleds and sleeping bags for Rice and Fredericks were hauled ahead by others of the party, and the only bag left was the one in which Lynn had just died, so Rice crawled in with his dead comrade and slept soundly until ready to leave.

Soon after they started they ran into high winds and blinding snow. Having no other shelter, they put their sleeping bag on the ice and crept in, eating a few ounces of frozen pemmican. They had to remain in the bag twenty-two hours, owing to the storm. When they finally got out, they were so cold they had to travel for an hour to get warm enough to make a fire. They had been thirty-six hours with nothing to drink.

Reaching the old camp at Eskimo Point, they decided to drop their sleeping bag and part of the rations there, as they knew the meat cache was only six miles farther on. They hoped that with their lightened sled they could get to the meat and return in one march; but unfortunately open pools of water caused long detours, they wet their feet and their footgear froze solid. A northeast gale sprang up.

At last they reached the place where the meat had been left, but in spite of a very careful search, they could find no trace of it, or the rifle that marked its position. From this they concluded that the ice must have moved and carried away the meat.

All of a sudden Rice commenced showing signs of alarming weakness, at which Fredericks halted and gave him some spirits of ammonia in rum and made some tea. Even with this he was too weak to stand, and his mind began to wander. In lucid moments he realized the condition he was in, and told Fredericks what to do with his personal effects.

Fredericks took off his parka and wrapped it around his friend's feet. Holding Rice in his arms, he tried to revive him, but he died about eight o'clock that evening.

Greely's journal continues the story:

> Fredericks' condition may be more readily imagined than described. Starved by slow degrees for months, weakened by his severe and exhausting labors, chilled nearly to numbness, he was alone on an extended ice field with his dead comrade. His sleeping bag was miles from him and to reach it he must struggle against a cutting blast filled with drifting snow. Such a march might well daunt the strong and hearty, but to that weak starving man, it must have seemed torture and destruction. For a moment, he said, he thought he must lie down and die; it was the easiest thing to do. But then came to him the recollection of his starving comrades, who awaited his return with eagerness and hope. If he came not, some of those behind, he well knew, would venture forth and risk their lives to learn tidings or bring succor. Thus thinking, he turned away from the dead to return to us. . . .

Across those lone snow fields the little Fredericks trudged doggedly, pulling the sledge for the seven miles that intervened toward the Eskimo Point hut. There he found his sleeping bag frozen, and he was too weak to force it open till he had laid down awhile and taken some ammonia and rum. The next morning, revived by sleep and food, he went back to where he had left Rice's body, unwilling to leave it as the prey of hungry wolves. It was the work of hours to chop out a hole in the ice with his light ax; in it he laid the body of his friend. Then by degrees, struggling and stumbling, he dragged himself back to the main camp. It took him four days, but he brought back everything they had hauled out; and, most astonishing of all, he turned in Rice's rations, which he had not touched.

Lieutenant Lockwood, a brave, loyal officer, died on the 9th. As there was no commissioned officer who could be designated second in command, Greely at this time revoked the order of August, 1881, relieving Lieutenant Kislingbury from duty, and restored him to his former status. He complimented him highly for his work on the retreat from Conger, and subsequently, when he overworked and strained himself severely helping collect the caches. However, on the 14th Lieutenant Kislingbury was so ill and feeble, both physically and mentally, that Greely appointed Brainard his successor instead.

JEWELL died on the 12th, in Greely's arms. Greely had fed him for several days and tried to inspire him with new courage and hope, but he was too far gone.

Brainard had been catching shrimps, bringing in twenty or thirty pounds a day, which with a little meat was made into a stew and kept the men alive. On April 11 he suddenly burst into the passage, shouting, "A bear! A bear!" and fell down in a faint. Lieutenant Kislingbury, Long, and Jens immediately started in pursuit, but Kislingbury was soon exhausted. Long and Jens caught sight of him, separated, and got the bear between them. Jens wounded the bear in the paw, but as he was making for the open water, Long, appreciating the critical situation, threw off his cap and glove, took careful aim and put a bullet through the bear's head. A party went out with a sledge and brought the carcass in, which weighed 400 pounds dressed. This undoubtedly saved many of the party from death in the next few days.

"This fellow is our salvation," exulted Brainard in his diary. "Everything will be utilized—intestines, lungs, heart, head, etc. The blood which had flowed from the bullet holes over the ice was chopped out with a hatchet and saved. The liver, windpipe, feet, and stomach (nearly empty) have been set aside for shrimp bait. . . ."

Jens was given an allowance of rum and tobacco, and Long was conditionally promoted to be a sergeant. The next day Long shot a small seal, which Jens got with his kayak.

On April 18 a detailed report of the health of the party was made by the doctor. It showed that Lieutenant Kislingbury was in a critical condition and six men were in very bad shape. About this time Greely's heart began to trouble him, and he gave detailed instructions to Brainard, who was to take command in case he died. Severe illness, general marked debility, and deep depression of spirits were now the lot of all. Henry eluded the watch set on him and stole some alcohol, on which he got very drunk.

ON April 29 Long and Jens went out to hunt, both in fine spirits. Early in the afternoon Long came back and reported that Jens, while pursuing a seal in his kayak, had sunk and been drowned, taking with him the only reliable rifle in the party, an army Springfield.

On May 3 their last bread was gone. The men were becoming so starved and weakened and their minds so affected that discipline faltered a little, but Greely's great power over men was successful in holding them together. About May 15 the last of their regular rations were used up and they began a desperate effort to keep alive on shrimps, kelp, a few snowbirds, and what animals they could get. They tried eating saxifrage, a little Arctic plant. On May 19 the last alcohol was issued, and on the same day Ellis died, the first death from starvation in six weeks. On the 23d Ralston died.

A wall tent was pitched about 300 yards southeast of the hut, as conditions there had grown so bad that the doctor reported all would die in a few days if they had to remain in it, due to the melting snow which dripped continually on them.

Whisler died on May 24. The last issue of rum was made on that day. Seven of the survivors were now helpless, and Brainard seemed rapidly breaking himself down getting shrimps.

The men began to eat the sealskin thongs that served for lashings on the sleds. They seemed to be kept alive on nothing but their determination to survive. On the 27th Sergeant Israel died. He had been fed personally by Greely during his last days. Dr. Pavy was detected taking iron from the medicine chest, and had been accused by several men of taking large quantities of Dover's powders, which contain opium.

On June 1 Lieutenant Kislingbury died. He became fully reconciled with Greely before his death. The last thing he did was to sing the doxology and ask for water. On June 3 Corporal Salor died. Dr. Pavy acted more and more strangely, and showed signs of a final breakdown.

Many hours now passed between the scanty meals. Frequent fierce storms prevented the hunters from venturing out, and Brainard, while he kept at his shrimping whenever the weather permitted, was obtaining very few of them now, five or ten pounds every day or so.

Greely asked the doctor about eating lichens, which contain some nourishment, and Pavy recommended against it. Greely decided to try them anyway, so some were picked and eaten, first raw, then in a stew, which improved the taste. They also found and ate some reindeer moss.

Each man knew that death was very near. As a man was about to die, he passed into a stage of mental wandering without suspecting that death was about to overtake him. His companions knew it, however, and would look at one another, knowing that one more of their group was about to go.

Their one blessing now was water; with the warmer weather, thawing began and they had fresh water in abundance, no longer having to melt ice for it.

Henry was caught stealing again, and Greely decided it was necessary to take severe action, as the man was keeping up his strength to such an extent on the others' food that he could easily dominate the situation in a short time. Greely had a talk with him, warning him, whereat Henry promised to mend his ways and steal no more. Greely did not believe him and issued an order on June 5 to Sergeants Brainard, Fredericks, and Long to the effect that Private Henry had been repeatedly guilty of stealing, and that if he were detected again, either eating food not issued to him regularly or storing or appropriating any provisions, he would be shot at once.

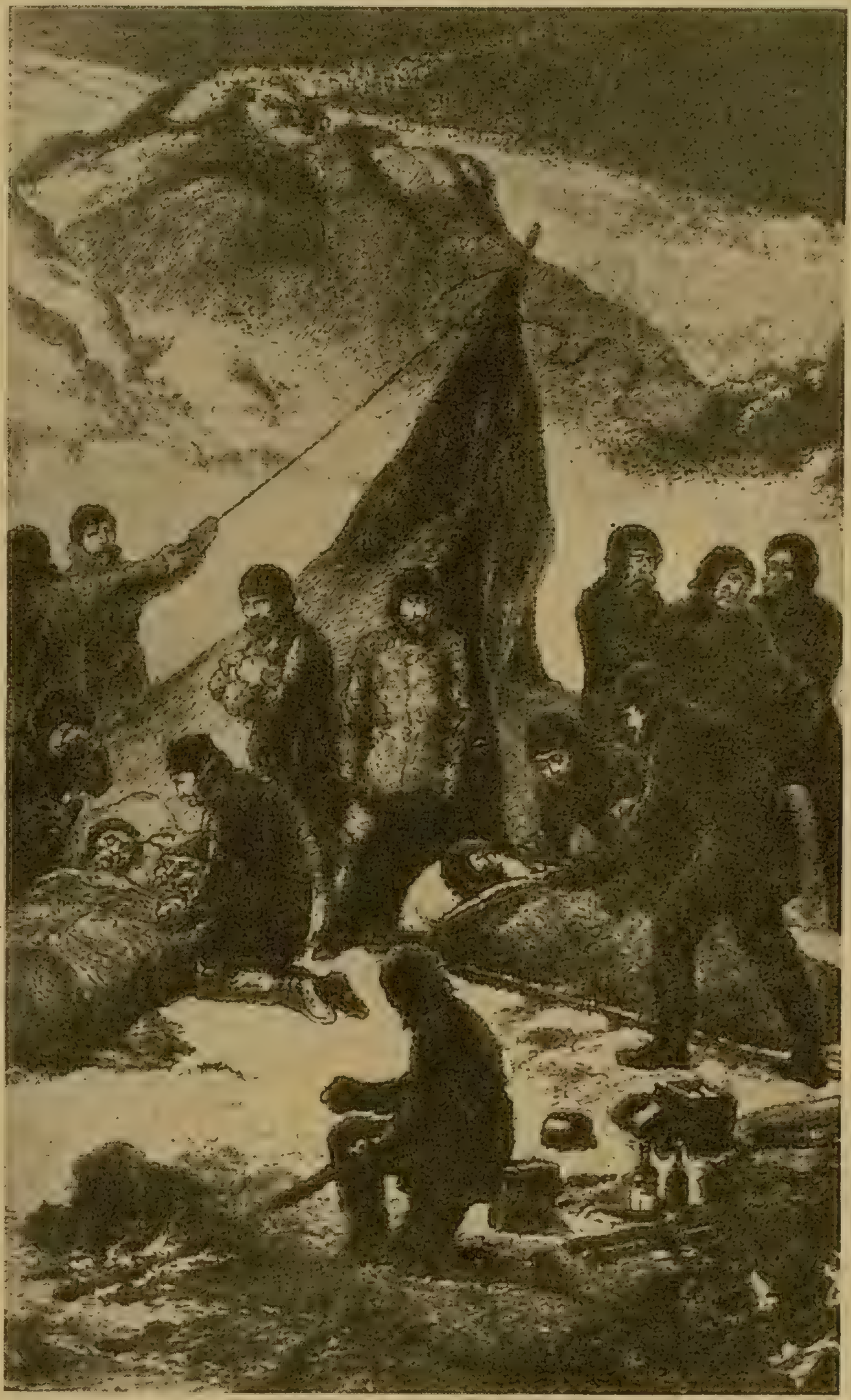
The next day Henry was caught stealing shrimps out of the mess pot, and in addition to that, contrary to positive orders, he stole some sealskin thongs and sealskin from the stores. He boldly admitted his thefts, no doubt thinking he was so strong that nobody could harm him. Greely therefore issued an order in writing that he should be shot without further delay.

The order prescribed that the three sergeants should decide the manner of his death by two ball cartridges and one blank. Greely's idea was that these cartridges would be drawn by lot, that three rifles should be loaded, and the sergeants would not know which had the ball cartridges and which had the blank. Greely, however, had forgotten that the party had only one rifle left with which to carry out the order; so the three sergeants drew lots to see who would do the shooting, and bound themselves together by an oath never to reveal the identity of the man who did it.

When the time came for Henry's execution, he was near the tent on what they called Cemetery Ridge. Two of the sergeants went to the vicinity of the old hut while the third went up to bring Henry down, asking him to come and help bring some supplies up. Suspecting nothing, he went along. No one besides the three sergeants and Greely knew that he was to be shot. Notwithstanding the advantage they had, Henry was a very dangerous man. As he was so strong from having stolen extra food, he could easily have disposed of any number of the men in succession. Greely knew he would take advantage of it at the slightest provocation.

THE sergeants had considered making him stoop over by a ruse, and shooting him in the back, but one of them thought it would be too ignominious a deed to shoot a man in cold blood from behind, and urged that he be given an instant to compose his soul before being dispatched. They therefore decided to tell him face to face that he was to be put to death in accordance with the order of the commanding officer. He was told to kneel and make his peace with God.

This leniency was a mistake that almost proved to be disastrous. In front of him Henry saw the sergeant with a rifle, ready to shoot him. Looking around, his glance fell on an ax and he jumped for it, but one of the sergeants nearest put his foot on it. The two men were so close together then that there was danger of shooting the sergeant who had his foot on the ax, but the aim was true, and the bullet penetrated Henry's breast. He whirled around, yelling, "You have tricked me, you have tricked me!" Again a shot rang out, the second bullet went through Henry's head, and he fell dead. This was about two o'clock in the afternoon.



The rescue of Greely and the other six survivors of his party by the relief expedition led by Schley, on June 22, 1884—as conceived by a contemporary artist.

Henry's previous record, unknown to the Greely party then, was a very bad one. He had been taken with the expedition at the last moment when one of the original members deserted just before they left the United States. In selecting another man, Greely went over the list of those who had volunteered and saw the name of Private Charles B. Henry, then on duty with the Fifth Cavalry, Fort Sidney, Nebraska. Greely decided to take him.

JUST before the departure of the Greely expedition a photograph of all its members was published in a magazine. One of the copies got to the officers of the Seventh Cavalry, who recognized the man called Henry as a former soldier named Charles Henry Buck who had served in the Seventh Cavalry in the early '70s. He had been at the Custer Massacre under Major Reno. Later he had been convicted of forging the signature of his troop commander to orders on the post trader for whisky and other things. For this he was sentenced to two years in the penitentiary. He escaped, and later killed a Chinese in a gambling fight in Deadwood, South Dakota.

After remaining out a while, he enlisted in the Fifth Cavalry under the name of Charles Buck Henry, instead of Charles Henry Buck; so that if he had returned to the United States he would have had to serve out his sentence for forgery and probably would have been tried for murder.

After Henry was shot the order for his execution was read to the remainder of the party, every one without exception agreeing to its necessity.

Dr. Pavy was found helping himself to narcotics from the medicine chest, which it was believed hastened his end. He died on the evening of the 6th, the same day Henry was shot; and at about the same time Private Bender died also. This left only nine in the party. They had not strength enough to bury the dead, but removed them a short distance from the tent.

Brainard and Long kept hunting and shrimping, and every one who was able, gathered moss, lichens, and saxifrage. It was decided to begin eating the sealskin clothing, but on getting it together, much was found to be missing. Schneider said that Henry and Bender had been eating it, and he had begged them to give him some, but they would not. The rest of the party thought

Schneider had been in the ring. Schneider's diary, however, had the following entry: "Lots of sealskin and thongs were found on the doctor and Bender both, which showed how dishonest they was. Although Henry has told before his death that I had eaten a lot of sealskin, yet, although I am a dying man, I deny the assertion; I only ate my own boots and a part of an old pair of pants. I feel myself going fast, but I wish that I would go yet faster."

On June 9 about all most of the party could do was to crawl out on the rocks and scratch up a few lichens and what other vegetation they could find. Brainard caught a couple of pounds of shrimp, as without fresh bait they could take only a few. Elison, who had lost his feet and hands, was in the best health of any. On June 12 Gardiner died. He had been thought to be one of the weakest members of the expedition, but his intense desire to return to his family had kept him alive thus far. In the morning he was found partly out of his sleeping bag, holding an ambrotype of his wife and mother in his hands. His last words were "Mother! Wife!"

Brainard erected a distress flag on a prominent place to serve as a signal for any rescue party. At this time of year, the middle of June, the whalers usually reached that vicinity. A gale was blowing next day, and lichens and shrimps could not be collected, so the party began eating Greely's sealskin jumper which had been reserved for shrimp bait. Greely also cut off the dirty oil-tanned cover of his sleeping bag and divided it between them. How men could exist under these circumstances is something to wonder about.

On June 16 the shrimps failed them. Brainard worked for five hours and took only two ounces. He did not carry these home. He was barely able to crawl back himself over Cemetery Ridge; and thereafter he went no more.

Schneider died on the 18th. On the 20th Greely crawled out of the tent a few yards to get lichens, but a storm came up and drove him in. The next morning the gale was still blowing, and Fredericks was scarcely able to cook the stew of lichens and heat some stewed sealskin, the remnant of Greely's filthy sleeping bag. The force of the wind was such that the tent gradually gave way, the efforts of the men in their weakened condition being unavailing to keep it up. By evening the front part of the tent was on the ground, pinning Greely, Brainard, and Long under it, so that they could hardly stir. The storm continued unabated, with high wind and snow. Greely's diary ends here, the last entry being: "Buchanan Strait open this noon a long way up the coast."

On the 22d all were terribly exhausted, and it was only due to the energy of Brainard or Fredericks that a little water was obtained, which, with a little soaked sealskin, was all they had to eat or drink for forty-two hours. The end of all seemed very near.

IN the evening of the 22d, Greely heard the sound of a steamer whistle blown three times. He could not distrust his ears and yet could not bring himself to believe that ships would venture along the coast in such a gale. Hope is a powerful stimulant, and when he asked Brainard and Long if they were strong enough to go out and look, they agreed to try. They could only crawl along the ground up the high rocky slope where the signal flag had been planted. From the top they could see nothing, and soon Brainard rolled down the hill to report to Greely; but Long remained a few minutes, to attempt to set up their distress signal, which had been blown down.

Back in the tent, Brainard discussed with Greely and the others where the steamer might be, and expressed as his opinion that the sound they had heard was the low moaning note the wind made when it blew over their water cans, just outside the tent. They were again resigning themselves to despair, when they heard running footsteps, and a moment later strange voices calling, "Greely! Are you there?"

They were rescued! And none too soon. If the relief party had delayed forty-eight hours more, probably not one would have been found alive. The seven survivors were Greely, Brainard, Fredericks, Long, Elison, Connell, and Biederbick.

While the members of Greely's party were shivering, starving, and dying at Cape Sabine, the outside world had not been oblivious to the terrible fate that was probably overtaking them. Mrs. Greely's efforts and the newspaper campaign had accomplished their purpose; and in the winter of 1883-84 Senator Dawes of Massachusetts introduced a bill which passed both houses of Congress, appropriating money for the relief expedition and also making provision for a prize of $25,000 to be awarded to any independent sealer or whaler who found the Greely expedition.

Three ships were selected, the Thetis and Bear, Dundee steam whalers, and the Alert, one of the Nares ships in 1875. On February 18, 1884, Commander Winfield S. Schley was selected to take complete charge of the expedition. He selected Lieutenant Emory to command the Bear. Commander G. W. Coffin commanded the Alert.

The Bear was put in commission on March 17, the Thetis on April 2; and the Alert was already in commission. As the Bear was more advanced in her preparation than the other vessels, Commander Schley on April 16 ordered Lieutenant Emory to push north with all speed. He sailed on April 24 for St. John's, Newfoundland. When the Bear left New York Harbor she ran into heavy storms and dense fogs, but Emory pushed straight on, reaching St. John's on May 1, seven days out of New York. He remained there only long enough to make some repairs, take on coal and the dog teams procured for him by the American consul.

PUSHING through gales, much ice and fog, Emory reached Godhavn on May 13, where he learned that several Scotch whalers from Dundee had started north ahead of him, having been spurred on by the American government's $25,000 prize offer. On May 28 he reached Upernivik, and the next morning the Thetis arrived there. These two vessels then proceeded north together.

They reached Tasiusak June 1, where they had to wait three days, then fought their way up to Melville Bay, where they were again checked, and had to anchor to the ice. There they met three of the whalers. On June 6 they rammed their way through to some open water to the north. For a few days they were buffeted about by the ice. Some of the Scotch whalers caught up and got ahead of them for awhile.

The Thetis reached Littleton Island on June 21, but the Bear had fallen behind and Schley was much worried about it. His men searched all the cairns on the island but found no word of Greely. To his great relief, the Bear arrived at noon on June 22. Lieutenant Emory reported that he had been beset near Cape York for a day and a half, and had then pushed for the Cary Islands in a blinding snowstorm, reaching them on the evening of June 21. No record of Greely had been found there.

The Thetis and Bear then sailed north for Cape Sabine, with a gale blowing. They reached Payer Harbor that night at 7 P. M., and moored with ice anchors to the harbor ice. Several parties were sent out to examine the cairns and caches, and at about 8 P. M. cheers were heard above the roaring winds. A few minutes later Seaman Yewell came running to Schley, shouting that Greely and his party were at Cape Sabine. He handed the commander several records which Lieutenant Taunt had discovered in a cairn on Brevoort Island. These records were found to refer to events eight or nine months before, but one, left by Greely on October 21, described exactly where the present camp was located.

A few moments after Yewell's arrival Ensign Harlow signaled from Stalknecht Island, "Send five men. I have found all Greely's records, instruments, etc."

After Schley had read the records, he had a general recall of three long blasts sounded on the Thetis's whistle. (It was this that Greely heard.) Lieutenant Colwell was sent in the steam cutter of the Bear (called the Cub) to tell the Greely party, if any were alive, that their relief was at hand. Schley then joined Emory on the Bear and steamed to the Wreck Camp cache, about five miles from Brevoort Island.

The Cub reached the Wreck Camp ten minutes ahead of the Bear, which arrived at 9:30 P. M., followed by the Thetis twenty minutes later. As the Cub neared the

Wreck Camp, its crew discovered a man standing on the rocks above the beach. It was Sergeant Long. They ran in toward the shore and he stumbled and rolled down to meet them. He was a sad spectacle with his long matted hair, sunken cheeks, wild eyes, and filthy clothing.

"How many are there left?" shouted Lieutenant Colwell from the boat. "Seven left," at last replied Long. He could scarcely talk, and when he did his voice was thick and mumbling and his jaws worked in convulsive twitches. While some of the rescue party started to Greely's camp, the others took Long aboard the Bear, where they gave him food and he told his tragic story.

Schley went on shore immediately in the steam cutter, taking with him Lieutenant Emory, Ensign Reynolds, Dr. Ames, and several of the crew of the Bear. He reached the Greely camp at ten o'clock, finding that Colwell's party had partially raised the blown-down tent and had given the survivors a little bread and pemmican.

Schley went at once to Greely. The only way he could be recognized was by his glasses. Schley patted his shoulder and said, "You are all right now, major." He then told Emory to talk to Greely.

Before the Bear had sailed from the United States Mrs. Greely had written a letter to Emory at Roslyn. She told him of Greely's devotion to Emory's oldest brother, Campbell, who had died. With this letter she inclosed one for her husband, and asked Emory always to keep it with him, because she felt if Greely were dying when found, her letter saying she and the children were well would bring him back to life.

Now Emory knelt down by Greely, and looking into his eyes said very slowly, so he would understand, "Major, I am Emory." Greely's eyes brightened up and he said, "Oh, yes, you are Cam." Emory replied, "No, I am William. I have a letter from your wife—she and the children are well." Greely's eyes filled with tears and he said, "Keep it." After a while he said, "Put your hand in my sleeping bag and under me you will find my diary. Keep it." (This diary was burned up in the San Francisco earthquake and fire in 1906.)

SOME time after midnight the surgeons reported the party could be removed to the ships.

In relating his impressions later, Commander Schley said that the scene when they reached the tent was almost impossible of adequate description. Greely was in his sleeping bag, with his body slightly inclined and his head resting on his hand. Although he had been told who the rescue party were, he appeared to think they were Englishmen. Physically he appeared the weakest of the party except Connell, but mentally he was more vigorous than any of them. His mind wandered to some extent. He had lain for weeks in his sleeping bag, on account of failing strength.

Connell's condition was critical. He would have died in a few hours. Elison was in his sleeping bag in which he had lain helpless for months, his hands and feet gone. A spoon had been tied to the stump of his right hand so he could feed himself. He was in better condition than the rest of the party as he had been allowed more food—a testimony of what these brave and generous men had done to feed a sick and injured comrade at the risk of their own lives.

No food was left except a mixture of lichens and strips of sealskin, and a few shrimps boiled into a repulsive gelatinous mixture, which would not have lasted them more than forty-eight hours. All about the tent lay pieces of worn-out clothing, broken camp equipment, and the bow of the boat that had been used for fuel. All the cherished possessions of the men had, however, been carefully wrapped up and marked, so they could be opened by friends or relations in case of death.

The vicinity of the camp presented a desolate appearance, bleak, barren, and wild. On a little hill about 100 feet away (Cemetery Ridge) was the row of graves, where the last ones buried had their heads and feet protruding, as their surviving comrades had been too weak to dig the graves deep enough. On the ice immediately below the hut were found two dead bodies.

The bodies were exhumed under the direction of Lieutenant Emory and wrapped in blankets, to which identifying tags were attached. All the bodies were recovered except those of Sergeant Rice, and Jens the Eskimo, who was drowned, Sergeant Gardiner, Dr. Pavy, Corporal Salor, and Private Bender, the last four having been buried in the ice and swept away by tides.

A few days after the rescue Elison died. Gangrene had set in, necessitating a secondary amputation of his limbs, and he had been unable to survive this shock.

On the 26th the Thetis and Bear fell in with seven of the Dundee whalers and notified them of the rescue so they would be relieved of the dangers of further search.

THE whole world paid honor to the survivors and the relief expedition. Messages of rejoicing and congratulation poured in from everywhere, from the President of the United States and the Queen of England. Greely and the five other survivors landed at Portsmouth, New Hampshire. Mrs. Greely was waiting for her husband's return. She had lived through the three long years he was away, beset by great disappointments and fears, but believing all the time that he would come back. Greely's work was recognized throughout the civilized world, and the scientific data obtained acknowledged to be the greatest contribution yet made to our knowledge about the Arctic lands.

Only a few years ago, while in Korea, I had dinner with Admiral Baron Saito, then governor-general of that province. In 1884 he was the naval attaché of the Japanese Embassy in the United States, and went to Portsmouth to welcome the Greely party. At dinner, the first person he asked me about was General Greely; he said he thought him one of the greatest men living.

Greely did everything possible for his men upon their return. Biederbick and Fredericks were discharged from the army on account of disabilities suffered in the Arctic. For Biederbick, Greely secured an appointment as inspector of customs in New York, and Fredericks was appointed observer in the Weather Bureau at Indianapolis. Later, Long and Connell also received appointments in the Weather Bureau.

In 1886 David Legge Brainard was commissioned as a second lieutenant by President Cleveland, "as a recognition of the gallant and meritorious services rendered by him in the Arctic," the only instance in our military history up to that time of such promotion for excellent duty rendered in time of peace. Brainard, now seventy-seven and a retired brigadier general, is still hale, hearty, and active, a wonderful type of American soldier.

THE END

TWENTY QUESTIONS

Liberty will pay $1 for any question accepted and published. If the same question is suggested by more than one person the first suggestion received will be the one considered. Address Twenty Questions, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y

1—Who advocated companionate marriage as a means of reducing divorce in the United States?

2—Which state in the Union extends farthest north?

3—Which are the so-called A B C powers?

4—Why is the picture Mona Lisa also known as La Gioconda?

5—Who wrote "The better part of valour is discretion"?

6—When did the United States go *on* the gold standard?

7—Who wrote Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde?

8—What is a gigolo?

9—What American city is celebrated for its Creole cookery?

10—What is meant by the term "Amen Corner"?

11—How soon after death may a person's name be placed in the Hall of Fame?

12—What is Gresham's law?

13—What is carbon-monoxide gas?

14—What was the origin of the expression "A1"?

15—What is ichthyology?

16—Which President served the shortest term?

17—What is the origin of the slang term "hoosegow"?

18—What was the Gunpowder Plot?

19—How many Presidents were born west of the Mississippi River?

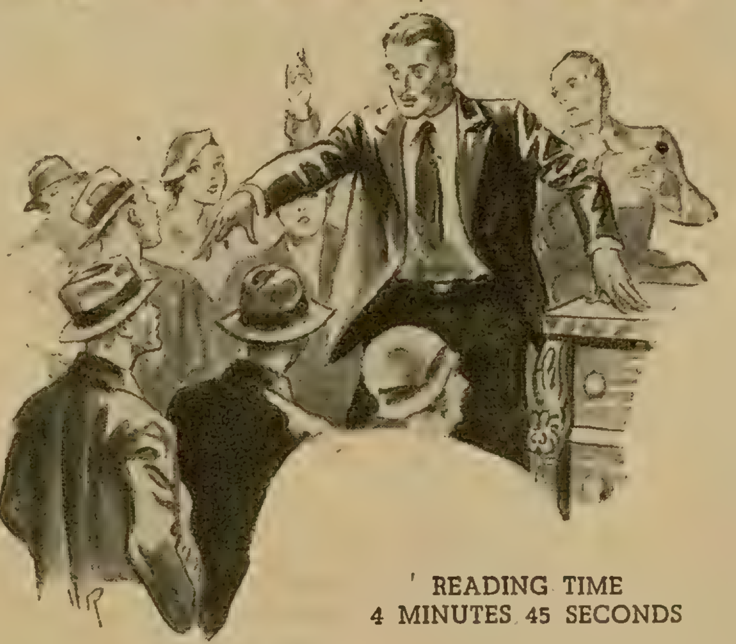
20—What is a "dogwatch"?

(Answers will be found on page 55)

The Brigadier General's Bureau

A Short Short Story

by NARD JONES



READING TIME
4 MINUTES 45 SECONDS

IT was odd that Peter didn't crumple and throw away the circular which rested on the very top of his morning mail. Peter rarely paid any attention to circulars.

But a line in this "Notice of Sale at Public Auction" caught his eye:

> Rhode Island bureau, mahogany, made in 1780 for Brig. Gen. Ebenezer Farmington of Norwich, Conn.

Peter had to settle back in his chair a moment and rub his hand across his eyes. Swift pictures he had had pigeonholed and, so he thought, forgotten, tumbled out on to the floor of his mind.

He looked at the circular again. Yes, there was the maple bedroom suite. There was the walnut dining-room table with eight chairs (Peter had said six would certainly be enough, while Anne had insisted that six would certainly not), and there, also, was the "highboy radio, complete with world globe."

How silly it was of Anne to lump in the bureau with that lot of very ordinary furniture, and what a perfect imbecile this auctioneer fellow must be to let her! But then, Peter reflected, Anne had never possessed any business acumen. It was not at all surprising, not in the least, that she was finding it necessary to dispose of the furniture. He had known very well that she was being foolish in refusing alimony, because she was absolutely helpless in a hard, commercial world.

No, she had never possessed business acumen, Peter reassured himself. But she had, he believed, possessed some sentiment. One would have thought that she might, just possibly, hang on to that Rhode Island bureau.

Peter looked at the circular again, and then at his watch. "Miss Conroy," he called, "will you get me a cab, please? I'll go down in front." Already he was halfway through the office.

He flung the address at the driver and dived headforemost into the cab. As an afterthought he said, "Please hurry."

NARD JONES

began writing nine years ago in college. His fourth book will appear this fall. He was born in Seattle and lives there now with his wife and five-year-old son, who, he says, refers to him in public as "Jonesey."

The first thing the auctioneer brought out was a pair of botany prints. Peter remembered them very well because he had bought them all by himself and they had pleased Anne so much that she had called him a honey-lamb. You had to please Anne a great deal before she called you honey-lamb, Peter reflected.

The botany prints went for fifteen cents each, and Peter had a feeling in his stomach which he had never had there before.

"And now, ladies and gentlemen, and now we have here a beautiful genewine maple bedroom suite consisting of one four-poster bed, boudwar chair, chest, vanity and bench, and night stand. Here is a bedroom suite to grace the love nest of newlyweds or—"

"I bid two hundred dollars," yelled Peter, very red in the face. "And I'll make a bid of three thousand on the lot!"

"Well!" said the auctioneer. He wavered from his stand, looked hard at Peter, and got back up again. "I have a bid of three thousand on the lot. I won't sell the lot unless the bid is satisfactory, ladies and gentlemen. Do I hear another offer?"

"Thirty-two hunerd," breathed a cadaverous gentleman.

"Thirty-five," said Peter, glaring.

The auctioneer's eyes narrowed. "Well, well. Do you gentlemen know about the very valuable bureau that was made for an old brigadier general?"

A determined voice said, "I bid three thousand five hundred and fifty."

Peter stood on tiptoe. "Let's get this over. I want that lot of furniture and I'm in a hurry. I offer you five thousand for it."

"Five thousand?" repeated the auctioneer, his eyes still narrowed. "With that old bureau for the general and you of—"

"It's not," came a woman's voice, "worth anything at all. You told me that yourself."

The auctioneer pretended not to hear the slender young woman pushing her way through the crowd. Very quickly he said: "Sold! The lot is sold to the gentleman in the gray hat for five thousand dollars!" The gentleman in the gray hat was not listening. He was staring at the young woman coming toward him.

"Anne! I didn't think you'd be here."

"Peter, you mustn't do this for me. Peter, you mustn't throw away—"

"I'm not doing it for you," said Peter coldly. "I—I need some furniture and I—" He stopped. "And that's a bald-faced lie about the bureau. It's a genuine Rhode Island, and it was made in 1780 for Ebenezer Farmington. I can see how you might let go of the other stuff, but that bureau—"

"You always thought more of that old bureau than you did of me."

"That's not true, Anne."

"It is, though. I suppose that's why you really came. To get the bureau and not—not to help me."

"No," said Peter firmly. "I mean— Say, how did it happen that I was sent that circular?"

Anne's blue eyes lowered to the second button of Peter's overcoat.

"I sent it to you," she said slowly.

"*You* did?" Peter started to grab her, but just then his eye was caught by something else: a man walking out with a package under his arm. "Hey, you," said Peter impolitely. "I want those botany prints. I'll give you five dollars for them."

The man's eyes said plainly that Peter was insane. "You're on, brother."

Happily Peter dug into his trousers pocket. "We'd be sure to miss them," he said to Anne.

She came closer to the second button of Peter's overcoat. "That's right, Peter. We might miss them even more than the brigadier general's bureau."

THE END

CYNICAL, SINISTER, SIMPLE

Benvenuto Cellini Comes Out of the Past to Inhabit a Modern Play; Mr. Robinson Commits a Neat Murder, and Mr. Rogers Does Well with a Drug Store

by BEVERLY HILLS

READING TIME ● 9 MINUTES 22 SECONDS

1 star means fairly good.
2 stars, good.
3 stars, excellent.
4 stars, extraordinary.

★ ★ ★ ½ THE AFFAIRS OF CELLINI

THE PLAYERS: Constance Bennett, Fredric March, Fay Wray, Frank Morgan, Vince Barnett, Louis Calhern. Directed by Gregory La Cava.

TWENTIETH CENTURY, the lusty baby of the studios, has in The Affairs of Cellini another hit in its little hot hands. Just beginning its second year as a producing unit, this studio has exhibited, with few exceptions, films of the highest caliber.

Connie Bennett, whose curves are aided by weights and padding, and Fredric March are billed as the stars of this sly and artful story of the Italian artist and braggart. But Fay Wray, as the model who attracts men and then hasn't the remotest idea what to do about them, and Frank Morgan as the ineffectual Duke of Florence have the best scenes and provide the laughs.

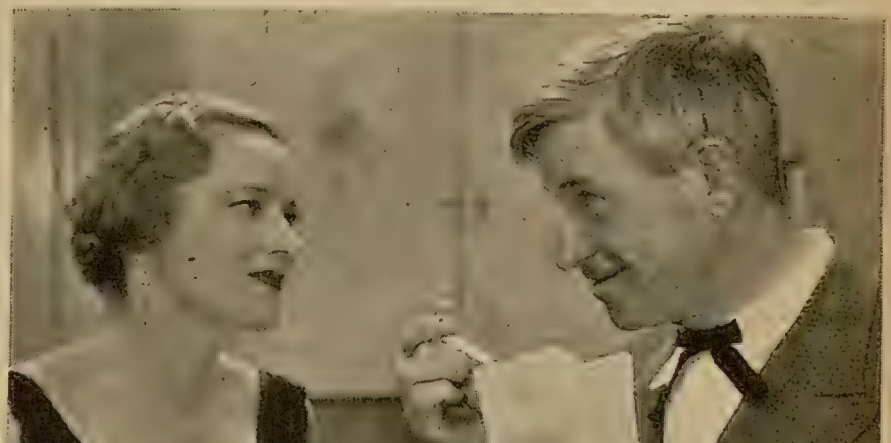
Taken from Edwin Mayer's play The Firebrand, the story, couched in a glamorous and beautiful background, bounces along, making fun of its own romanticism as it goes. March's Cellini is a gay, brilliant fellow with a knack of embroiling himself in intrigue and a yen for his provocative but wooden model, Angela. Angela, however, cares naught for s-e-x, but has a weakness for the lavish background supplied by the giddy duke. To complicate matters, Bennett, playing the duchess, develops a desire for the fiery and acrobatic Cellini.

After much hilarious fuss, the twisted loves of the principals are concluded with a solution that is quite modern for even 1934.

The Affairs of Cellini is a modern play in costume. While, due to its cynicism, it may not enjoy the popularity of The House of Rothschild, it is a sumptuous play, packed with swift-moving dialogue and studded with distinctive performances by Constance Bennett, Fredric March, and Fay Wray. Frank Morgan's dithery, fumbling duke is a portrayal of no little artistry.

VITAL STATISTICS: Production costs close to $400,000, combined salaries of Bennett, March, and Morgan coming close to $20,000 a week. Play netted Mr. Mayer $75,000; his movie money, about $25,000 . . . Saffron-haired Constance Bennett of the Wild Wild Bennetts, in real life is La Marquise de la Falaise de la Coudray No. 2, succeeding Gloria Swanson to the marquis's throne. At one time her salary was reputed to be $10,000. A week. Now struggling along at a thousand or so less . . . Fredric March, king of the film stars, is a University of Wisconsin grad, ex-clerk of National City Bank, New York, married to a nonpro, and has just been signed by 20th Century for $7,000 a week . . . Fay Wray has been menaced by King Kong, wild men, bloodhounds, and Viva Beery. Not menaced in Cellini, but has dyed hair for third time. Married to John Monk Saunders, writer (Wings), she has one child and is local California gal . . . Frank Morgan played same part on stage, is in Morgan family which doesn't own the world but does own Angostura Bitters . . . Producer Darryl Zanuck, young Hollywood genius, is on his way to hunt in Africa. Has his ear to the ground and believes we are in for Shakespearean revivals. O. K. Why not Romeo and Juliet, and title it The Price of Passion?

Fredric March and Constance Bennett in the brilliant, cynical costume film, The Affairs of Cellini.



Handy Andy, the latest Will Rogers picture, shows him as a drug-store owner. With him is Peggy Wood.

Did you say 10¢?

Yes, I said 10¢

You may not agree with the umpire on balls and strikes, but you'll agree that MODEL is a home run in smoking satisfaction. You can't beat MODEL for giving a money's worth at 10 cents. In pouch or tin, we believe it's the best smoking tobacco that you can buy anywhere for 10 cents. Try it.

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TUNE IN YOUR RADIO FRIDAY
PICK AND PAT — COMEDIANS
Popular Melodies — Fri. 9.30 p.m. E.D.T.
TUNE IN YOUR PIPE TODAY

Mae Clarke, Edward Robinson, and Mary Astor in The Man with Two Faces, which features a neat murder.

★ ★ ★ THE MAN WITH TWO FACES

THE PLAYERS: Edward G. Robinson, Mary Astor, Ricardo Cortez, Mae Clarke, Louis Calhern, David Landau. Directed by Archie Mayo.

BASED on the Kaufman-Woollcott play The Dark Tower, The Man with Two Faces is a murder mystery with no mystery because the audience is let in on all the macabre doings.

The story, skillfully translated to the screen by Tom Reed, opens in a little country summer theater where Mary Astor is appearing in a play. Her brother, played by Robinson in his usual barking staccato style, is America's foremost character actor and is in the play to insure his sister's success. But just about the time producer Ricardo Cortez, in love with Miss Astor, is ready to bring the play to New York, up pops Miss Astor's husband to gum the works.

Louis Calhern, as the almost forgotten husband, brings a new kind of bad man to the screen—with a dash of lavender in his soul. With a hypnotic power over his wife, Calhern forces her to leave the play until he, with his husband's rights, is given a percentage of the profits.

When Robinson sees his sister's life become debauched by his brother-in-law, he can stand it no longer. Then he plans the almost perfect murder. Taking an old costume and make-up, Robinson, registering under an assumed name, rents a room in a hotel and contacts Calhern.

The murder, done with the dispatch and fastidiousness of a ritual, is over in a jiffy. The hypnotic spell of her husband broken, Miss Astor becomes her old and, it is assumed, better self. Robinson goes back into the play with her. And all seems fine indeed, until the law gets on the murderer's trail.

The Man with Two Faces is nicely rounded entertainment, admirably performed by Robinson, Louis Calhern, and Mary Astor. Mae Clarke, in a smaller and, for her, new type of rôle, is as usual excellent.

VITAL STATISTICS: Production costs: about $250,000, $35,000 of which went to playwrights Kaufman & Woollcott . . . Mary Astor, born Lillian Langhankie and movie-named by Walter Wanger because she suggested the Virgin Mary and great wealth, is the widow of Howard Hawks, who fell in the Pacific from a plane while directing; has one child, Hawaiian-born and middle-named Hauoli . . . Ed Robinson is a Wagner (Richard, not Honus) addict. Has a collection of over three hundred pipes, most of them not yet smoked. Mostly smokes and chews cigars. Read thirty-seven volumes on Napoleon when scheduled to play the Little Corsican. Married to Gladys Lloyd of stage, who appears in each picture with him in bit as good-luck charm. One child, dubbed Little Cæsar Jr. . . . Ricardo Cortez, termed "Last of the Dons" by the late wit Wilson Mizner, was born Krantz in Vienna and brought up on the East Side of New York. Movie-named by Jesse Lasky looking for some one to fill patent-leather boots and sideburns of R. Valentino . . . Louis Calhern has longest nose in pictures, excluding Schnarzan the Durante . . . Mae Clarke is prexy of the I Can Take It Club, a group of young and old women who have suffered "Cagneyism." Mae got grapefruit complexion wash from Terrible Jimmy in Public Enemy.

★ ★ ½ HANDY ANDY

THE PLAYERS: Will Rogers, Peggy Wood, Conchita Montenegro, Mary Carlisle, Roger Imhof, Robert Taylor, Paul Harvey. Directed by David Butler. From the play by Lewis Beade.

FOR Will Rogers's many fans his latest picture, Handy Andy, should provide perfectly satisfactory entertainment. Handy Andy tells the story of a rugged individualist—and what ever happened to them?—who sells his drug store to a chain system and then buys it back at a big saving. Between the selling and the rebuying of the drug store Rogers goes about his usual way, grinning bashfully, muttering comments about the current political scene, steering the course of his daughter's love life, and protecting his wife from that dangerous stage, forty-year-old boredom.

For those who are mystified by the continued and acknowledged popularity of Will Rogers, it might be explained in the choice of his film stories. They are—with the exception of an early silent picture, The Headless Horseman—all patterned after the type seen in popular magazines, and attain, by glossing over the more realistic aspects of sex, a quality called, for some reason, clean.

Then, too, Rogers, as many other favorites—Garbo, Chaplin, Crawford—adapts the rôle to himself and not himself to the rôle. He is essentially the same person in every picture. In the selection and development of his public personality Rogers has been astutely shrewd in flattering the unsuccessful man and making him yearn for the good old days at the same time. Which is no mean trick.

By poking fun at public figures, by his apparent distrust of culture or even pure English, by his stand with the little shop owner against the invasion of impersonal corporations, Rogers makes himself one with the small unsuccessful man.

One of the best comedians and certainly one of the richest personages to emerge from the theatric world, Rogers continues his pretense of the dumb cow hand who stumbled into a fortune by twirling a lariat and cracking wise. That he is a shrewd showman, a good business man, with ability enough to amass a fortune and sense enough to hold it, is something that Mr. Rogers—just call him Will—would just as soon you ignored.

In Handy Andy you can see Rogers in his usual good form. There are some really funny scenes in it, one of Rogers taking a golf lesson and one as Tarzan. And you can see a type that is becoming, for better or worse, the Vanishing American.

VITAL STATISTICS: Will Rogers was born in Oolagah, Indian Territory, in 1879. On election day. Grew up on horseback, narrowly escaped being a Methodist preacher, becoming a cowpuncher at seventeen. Emigrated to the Argentine to make his fortune. Punched cows as gaucho for four dollars a month. Went on to South Africa with a load of mules for the Boer War. Missed the war but joined the Wild West Show at Johannesburg as the Cherokee Kid, rope spinner and trick rider. Toured Africa and England and then America. Serious and silent performer till one night he accidentally opened his mouth during his act at the Ziegfeld Follies. Has never closed mouth since. Everybody laughed; has been laughing since. Prefers writing to acting; flying to both; and polo to all three. Always travels by plane unless he can't help it. Has a pleasant nonpro wife; three children; and never uses a dressing room, changing in car, behind set, etc. Hates insincerity and compliments, evening clothes, people in their anecdotage, and never talks about early life as cow nurse . . . Peggy (Candida) Wood is daughter of magazine-fiction writer Eugene Wood. Wears eyeglasses off stage, has just appeared in London, is married to John V. A. (Van Alstyn) Weaver, subpoet, has child, and made screen début fifteen years ago with Rogers in Almost a Husband, her one and only film.

★ CALL IT LUCK

THE PLAYERS: Pat Paterson, Herbert Mundin, Charles Starrett, Gordon Westcott, Georgia Caine, Theodore von Eltz, Susan Fleming. Directed by James Tinling.

FOX, who with Warner Brothers lay claim to being the innovators of sound pictures, have the sole rights of the latest development to hit the screen—musical horses.

In David Harum, Will Rogers encouraged his trotter to win by singing in its ear. In Call It Luck, Herbert Mundin trumpets the cavalry charge, thereby enabling his ancient war horse to beat a field of trained thoroughbreds. The whole picture is like that.

Pat Paterson shows a great deal of charm and talent, and may, with proper handling, become an authentic star.

VITAL STATISTICS: Production costs: about $200,000 . . . Green-eyed Pat Paterson, dubbed a "Fox Film débutante star," is the English-born daughter of an English wool merchant. Likes our corned-beef hash, pie à la mode; has sailed in her King's Regatta off Cowes; and immediately on arriving in Hollywood eloped to Yuma, Arizona, with the French actor Charles Boyer, also newly come . . . Herbert Mundin is Lancashire-born, World War and Charlot Revue veteran. Married; leads quiet home life; hates public appearances; one stepdaughter, aged eighteen. Father, a Church of England minister, wanted Herb to be an electrical engineer. Herb doesn't understand to this day how the light manages to go when you snap the button. Can mimic cockneys, George Arliss, Clive Brook, etc. Has even made the Prince of Wales laugh. Recently received cable from British film producer, who had once refused him chance in picture, asking his price for appearing in London film. Cabled back: "Why this idle curiosity?" . . . Director Tinling is soft-voiced, gentle ex-film stunt man.

FOUR- AND THREE-STAR PICTURES OF THE LAST SIX MONTHS

★★★★—Twentieth Century, Tarzan and His Mate, Viva Villa! The Big Bad Wolf, No Greater Glory, The House of Rothschild, It Happened One Night, The Lost Patrol.

★★★—Murder on the Blackboard, Little Miss Marker, Midnight Alibi, Bulldog Drummond Strikes Back, Manhattan Melodrama, Double Door, All Men Are Enemies, Sisters Under the Skin, Glamour, Stand Up and Cheer, The Witching Hour, I'll Tell the World, Famous Scenes from Pagliacci, 20,000,000 Sweethearts, You're Telling Me, Men in White, Wild Cargo, The Crime Doctor, As the Earth Turns, Looking for Trouble, David Harum, Wonder Bar, Carolina, The Cat and the Fiddle, Catherine the Great, I've Got Your Number, Nana, Four Frightened People, Miss Fane's Baby Is Stolen, Massacre, Moulin Rouge, Hi, Nellie, Fashions of 1934, Lady Killer, Man of Two Worlds, Queen Christina, Alice in Wonderland, Flying Down to Rio, The Women in His Life, Gallant Lady, Roman Scandals.

USE ALL THE MAKE-UP YOU WISH, MY DEAR, BUT PLEASE LET US BREATHE!
SAY THOUSANDS OF TINY PORES

When you remove cosmetics the Hollywood way you guard against unattractive Cosmetic Skin . . .

Powder and rouge every day? Skin delicate? Even then, there's no need to worry about getting unattractive Cosmetic Skin. Though you may have detected warning signals—tiny blemishes, enlarging pores—you can guard against this modern complexion trouble.

Cosmetics Harmless if removed this way

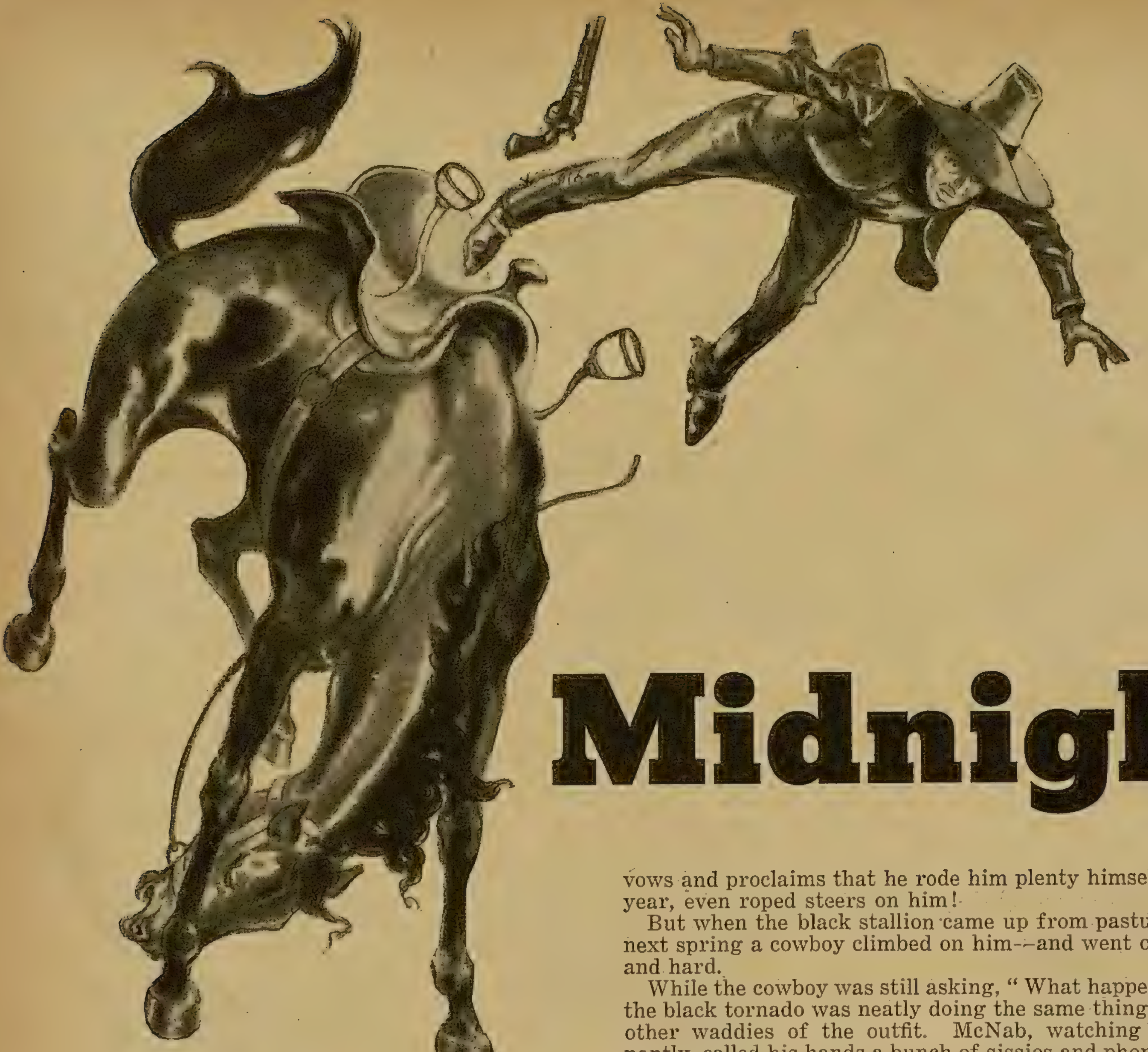
Many women who *think* they are removing cosmetics thoroughly are leaving bits of stale make-up in the pores to choke them day after day. Then Cosmetic Skin develops.

Lux Toilet Soap is made to remove cosmetics *thoroughly*. Its rich ACTIVE lather sinks deeply into the pores, carries swiftly away *every vestige* of dust, dirt, stale cosmetics. Before you apply fresh make-up during the day—ALWAYS before you go to bed at night, use Lux Toilet Soap.

In this simple way you can protect your skin—keep it lovely.

NRA CODE

You can use cosmetics as freely as you wish, if you guard your skin as I do—with gentle Lux Toilet Soap
LUX
TOILET SOAP
ELISSA LANDI



Midnight

READING TIME ● 15 MINUTES 34 SECONDS

GLORY and gold! Both can be yours, ladies and gentlemen. *Both!* In ten seconds!

Think of it! And all you have to do is sit—just sit. On a horse.

A nice gentle-looking horse, at that. A big shaggy black fellow with soft brown eyes and a kind face. Has a broad comfortable back.

Guaranteed not to bite or kick while you are getting on. Likes lump sugar and carrots, and answers to the name of Midnight.

Just hoist yourself on him and stay there while the judges count. But if you can do it you're the only man, woman, or child in this land, far and wide, who can. The chances are that at the count of one you'll be some thirty feet up, grabbing at air; and at two they'll be waiting for the dust to settle so they can see where you landed.

For Midnight is champion of all the bucking horses in America, and that holds for Great Britain, France, Spain, Switzerland, and Scandinavia as well.

Eleven years ago, so the story goes, a schoolmarm in Alberta, Canada, used to set herself on his back and go for a canter without once having to grab the saddle horn or say " E-e-e-e-ek! "

He was, she told the boys, a darling horse. And the rancher who raised him, a gentleman named McNab, vows and proclaims that he rode him plenty himself that year, even roped steers on him!

But when the black stallion came up from pasture the next spring a cowboy climbed on him—and went off fast and hard.

While the cowboy was still asking, " What happened? " the black tornado was neatly doing the same thing to the other waddies of the outfit. McNab, watching indignantly, called his hands a bunch of sissies and phoned for the best bronc buster in that part of Canada to " come ride this cayuse." But the four-legged inferno didn't give a hoot for reputations. He bucked the expert off as quickly as the rest.

" Just for that, you ole black devil," said McNab, " I'm going to take you to Calgary. They'll bust you there! "

Calgary, in Alberta, is where the leading rodeo of Canada is held once a year. The big stallion, christened Midnight because he was black as pitch from nose to tail, walked into the arena an unknown and came out the hero of the show.

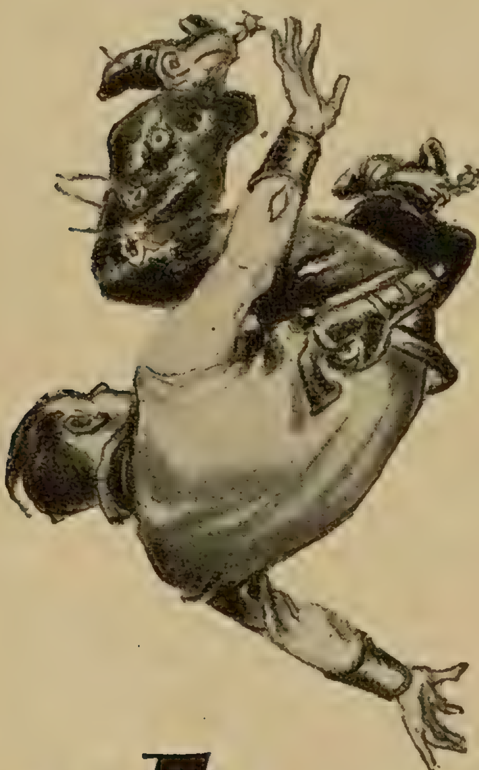
He bucked them all off with such fury and thoroughness that he won the premium as the best bronc of the hundred or more that came pitching and snorting out of the saddling chute.

Now, a good good horse is worth money, but a good bad one is worth more. Without them you couldn't have bronc-riding contests; you just about couldn't have rodeos.

So McNab exchanged his equine Jesse James for a fat check and went home cheerfully to finish the round-up. And Midnight lost his amateur standing. For his new owner, Peter Welch, promptly took him on a tour of the Canadian rodeos.

For the next two years a lot of cowboys from the United States, who otherwise might have stayed home tending their stock, went traipsing up north to show the lads in Canada how to ride that horse they were all talking through their hats about. Midnight sent them all scratching dirt.

Then, in 1928, Verne Elliott and Ed McCarty, two



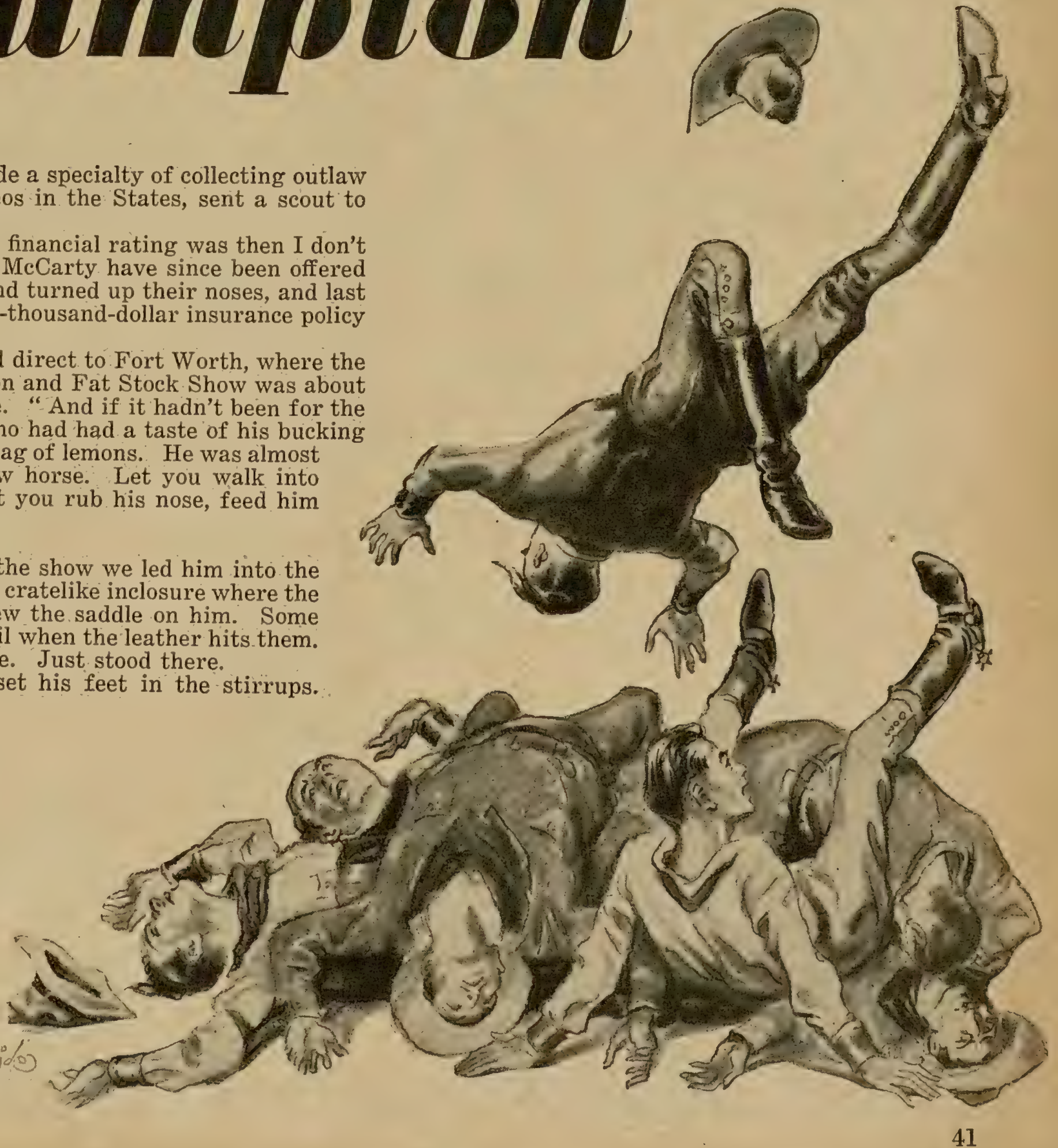
A cowboy climbed on him—and went off fast and hard. While the cowboy was asking, "What happened?" the black tornado was doing the same thing to the other waddies.

He's a Black Menace, but He Has Soulful Eyes—He Leaves a Trail of Terror, but Everybody Likes Him—Here Is the Story of America's Most Extraordinary Outlaw

by
LEONARD
FALKNER

ILLUSTRATIONS
BY
H. R. McBRIDE

-champion



ranchmen who have made a specialty of collecting outlaw horses for the big rodeos in the States, sent a scout to buy the horse.

Just what Midnight's financial rating was then I don't know. But Elliott and McCarty have since been offered ten thousand for him and turned up their noses, and last year they took out a five-thousand-dollar insurance policy on his life.

"We had him shipped direct to Fort Worth, where the Southwestern Exposition and Fat Stock Show was about to open," Elliott told me. "And if it hadn't been for the bragging of the boys who had had a taste of his bucking we'd felt sure we had a bag of lemons. He was almost as gentle as an old plow horse. Let you walk into the stall with him. Let you rub his nose, feed him sugar.

"THE first night of the show we led him into the chute (the narrow cratelike inclosure where the rider gets on) and threw the saddle on him. Some horses fight like the devil when the leather hits them. But he didn't bat an eye. Just stood there.

"The rider got on, set his feet in the stirrups. Still Midnight stood there. Then the gate in front of him swung open, and, mister, you never saw anything go into action so quick in all your life! Bang! His four feet hit the ground in one almighty lunge that came darn' near shaking the building. His head was down almost to the ground. But the moment he hit, it snapped up like a whip, and at the same time both feet went out behind, out and high up.

"The boy who was on him was a good rider, but not that good. He was off right there and then."

I didn't see that ride. But I have seen Midnight perform plenty of times since. And every time his act has been just as dramatic. He *is* a powerful giant of a horse, better than fifteen and a half hands high in his stockings, thirteen hundred and fifty pounds stripped. Half Percheron and half thoroughbred, or thereabouts. It's the thoroughbred in him, Elliott says, that gives him his hot blood, his determination and spirit, and the Percheron that supplies the muscle to carry it through. Altogether it makes a swell combination to stay off of.

There are styles in pitching, like everything else. Some horses make a specialty of going high off the ground, coming down stiff-legged, with a jolt that feels like landing out of an airplane. Some lunge from side to side, trying to whip the rider off. Some rear up, fall over every chance they get. Some are called spinbuckers. Broken Box is an expert at this. So is another totally black horse in the Elliott-McCarty string, called Five Minutes to Midnight because he isn't quite as big or as bad as his colleague. They whirl around like a drunken top, and unless you've just been inoculated against dizziness you're going off about the second or third revolution.

LEONARD FALKNER

is a New York newspaperman and the author of two detective novels, M, and Murder Off Broadway. His detective and Western fiction and articles of the Southwest have appeared in a number of magazines. Part of his life has been spent on a ranch.

But all these specialists—Invalid, What-A-Man, Forked Lightning, Steamboat, Headlight—have been officially ridden. If not at Fort Worth, then at Cheyenne, or Pendleton, or Deadwood, Omaha, Denver, Chicago, Calgary. Midnight hasn't. He has appeared at all these big shows, including the World's Championship Rodeo in Chicago, and come away with the prize.

Most pitching horses have a certain little pet trick which sends the rider spinning, and if you're observant and good enough you can catch on to it and stick. But a lot of the boys know all about Midnight and still go off.

He has his two favorite spots for stopping the fun. One is right outside the chute; the other is close to the far end of the arena. He comes out invariably with a mighty lunge, head down and legs stiff. The second he lands—the split second—his powerful neck whips up and his hind quarters shoot toward the ceiling. The first sweep of his head pulls the rein through the rider's hand like a hot poker and does things to his sense of balance. The stiff-legged landing does more. And the jolt with which those back legs go up is like sitting on an explosion.

Usually this first long dive does the trick. If it doesn't, there's another right after it. But sometimes, Elliott says, Midnight is slightly off his feed or else he has a sudden charitable impulse to give the audience more show for their money. Then invariably he bucks along quite like any other bronc for five or six jumps. But the moment he reaches his second favorite spot—and you could almost mark it with a cross—near the end of the arena, the fireworks start. And off you go, and hard!

THE longest any one has ever stayed on him under contest rules is seven and a half seconds. Pete Knight, a veteran bronc buster out of the West, did that at Cheyenne in 1930, and it won him the riding championship of the show.

"But, man, when I did go off," Knight told me, "I went off hard! Turned a complete somersault and landed on my feet. He throws you about twice as hard and far as any of the others. But," he added, "there's one nice thing about him. He always throws you clear. He's never dragged a rider yet, and he's never hurt anybody seriously."

Only twice in his career has Midnight failed to do his stuff. When the chute opened one night in Canada a few years ago, he made no effort to come out. His eyes were half closed; his shoulders trembled. The rider spurred him, but he didn't move.

An examination disclosed he had been "hopped." Somebody too ambitious to have him ridden had got to him with a needle—drugged him.

At the Fat Stock Show in Fort Worth one spring Midnight made only one appearance, and it nearly cost him his crown. Unknown to his owners, he became badly lame in two legs just before the opening performance. His lunge out of the chute was as fiery as ever, but coming down stiff-legged on those sore feet hurt, and he let up noticeably. The puncher on his back, Floyd Stillings of Marshfield, Oregon, stayed the full ten seconds; but he lost a stirrup during that first dive and failed to "contest."

Contest means to ride according to the rules. If you lose a stirrup during the ten seconds from start to gong, you are penalized. If you touch the girth with your heels or grab leather—hold on to the saddle with your free hand—you're ruled out right there. Besides that, you have to ride with a committee saddle—a saddle without a swell in front to hook your knees under, or too much cantle in back.

"Riding," says the code, "is to be done with plain halter and one rein, no knots or wraps around the hand. No tape allowed on rein or stirrups. Pulling horse's head will be counted against rider. Rein to come up same side of horse's neck as hand you ride with. Rider must hold rein at least six inches above horse's neck. Rider must leave starting place with both feet in the stirrups and both spurs against the shoulders, must scratch (kick) front first five jumps, then scratch high behind. Rider must ride with one hand free and not change hands on rein."

DOFF ABER, one of the best of the younger riders at the big rodeos, has been on Midnight three times. I asked him if the black outlaw couldn't be ridden if a regular stock saddle were used, if you were allowed to "tight-leg" him, hold on with both hands, perhaps even tie down the stirrups.

"Not," he answered, "unless he were badly lamed or doped at the same time. I'd rather ride him slick (loose-stirruped) and free any day. That whip he gets into his back would snap your neck if you were on him tight, and if you had glue on the seat of your pants you'd pop out of them. Believe me, brother, I know. That last time, he threw me thirty feet!"

And Alvin Gordon, who has also tried him, solemnly nodded his head.

I asked Verne Elliott if there was any way I could do it and manage to land safely. But he shook his head.

"If there were," he said, "I'd like to try it myself. But landing is the dangerous part of the performance."

He led me to the stables back of the arena at Fort Worth. In a big box stall stood three outlaw horses: Midnight, Five Minutes to Midnight, and old Invalid, twenty years and still going strong.

Elliott opened the gate, walked up to the big black, and ran a hand affectionately down his nose.

"Here. Pet him. He likes it."

I tried, gingerly. Nothing happened.

"Of course," Elliott continued, "he's nothing to fool with. If there's anything he doesn't want to do, he just won't do it. He ought to have shoes on now, but he hasn't because it takes a young army to shoe him. But usually he's as docile as a pup. Mrs. Elliott has made a regular pet of him. During the winter we keep him at my ranch, and whenever he sees her in the yard he comes trotting. She feeds him sugar and carrots out of her hand."

Mrs. Elliott isn't Midnight's only good friend. The Governor of Oregon calls him by his first name, and so does Senator Carey of Wyoming. Jack Dempsey gave him an elaborate nose bag in Chicago several years ago. Schmeling autographed one of his pictures for him. Will Rogers calls him "My pal" but stays away from his hind feet. And every bronc buster in the country professes to know him well and secretly wishes he knew him better.

In their younger days Verne Elliott and Ed McCarty—they're in their forties now—were both expert rodeo performers themselves. In 1911 they hit upon the idea of going into the business of collecting outlaw horses for rodeos. Today they supply the stock for virtually all the big shows.

"People," Elliott said, "are always asking me how we teach a pitching horse to pitch. The answer is, we don't. He has to have the instinct for it born in him, and he has to develop his technique all by himself.

"People think the best buckers are either outlaws that have never been ridden or saddle horses that have been spoiled by mishandling.

"They're both wrong. All the great broncs were horses who turned outlaw of their own accord after being broken and ridden.

"Steamboat, who was the champ until 1918, and Headlight, his successor until 1927, when a rider scored on him, were both once upon a time safe saddle mounts. The same holds for Midnight. McNab really rode him, and so did the neighborhood schoolmarm, when he was a three-year-old, even though old Thor himself couldn't have done it a year later.

"On the open range once more, running hog-wild, Midnight suddenly discovered that he hadn't enjoyed that past summer a bit. With plenty of time now to think for himself, he did some tall thinking. He could still taste the bit in his mouth; and he didn't like the taste. He could feel the rider on his back, goading him with spurs, reining, commanding him; and he didn't like that either.

"The months in harness had taught him just enough to make him feel smart. The taste of freedom again brought out the outlaw in him, showed him what he'd missed by turning domestic. Those riders, he remembered, hadn't been nailed on, by any means. They had stepped off easily enough whenever they wanted to. And they hadn't felt any too secure up there at times. If he bucked hard enough, bucked with all his might and then some, they'd come off. Darned if he wasn't going to try it, anyway!

"I wouldn't swear that that's exactly the way a horse thinks, because I've never been a horse. But if actions mean anything, it is. When Midnight was brought up from pasture in the spring, he was as dead set against being ridden again as you are against eating raw herring. And he was wise, plenty wise for his years. He let them put the saddle on him, because he knew from experience that if he fought that they'd just rope and tie him and put it on anyway. But the moment he felt a cowboy on him he went wild.

"The boy went off. Which is a short sentence but packs a lot of meaning. That showed the horse that it could be done—that the thinking he'd been doing out there on the range was sound. Man had been his master only because he'd let him. But he wasn't going to let him any more.

"The more riders who got on him—and went tumbling—the greater Midnight's confidence in himself became. Until when they led him into the arena at Calgary he was solid bronc from his black nose to his black heels.

"Will he be ridden in time? Of course. They all are. To the man who does it first it'll be worth about fifty dollars a second in spot cash alone. The first prize at these big rodeos is usually around five hundred dollars. With it goes the championship and a good deal of glory.

"But the fact that he is finally conquered won't mean that Midnight will reform or get dispirited. He's bucked too long for that. Old Invalid is going on twenty-one, and he's ridden now about once out of every five tries. But he still gives everything he has each time he comes out of the chute."

Invalid, incidentally, is Midnight's best pal. Neither has anything to do with the other broncs, Elliott says, but they get along together like twins.

The horses all spend the winter at Elliott's ranch in Colorado and their spare time in the summer at McCarty's in Chugwater, Wyoming. If another stallion gets fresh with one or the other on the range, he promptly has a pair to lick. And what a pair!

And if they're put in separate stalls at a rodeo, they whinny until something's done about it.

"They stand," Elliott added, "with their heads together for hours. It almost convinces me that horses can talk, because Midnight's technique has smoothed out a lot since that friendship with the old veteran started."

THE life of Riley doesn't have a thing on the life of a high-pitching bronc. Better than half the year Midnight roams the range as free as when he was a yearling. Freer, for that matter, because now there isn't a doting mamma around to say "Don't eat this" or "Don't do that." Six weeks or so before a rodeo he's sent to the grounds with his companions in a special horse car. That's so they'll have plenty of time to rest up from the trip. And an attendant goes along to see that they're comfortably bedded each night, that they get all they want to eat and don't have to look twice for a pail of water.

For a while after they arrive they're turned into pasture, the best pasture available.

For, next to oats, there's nothing makes a horse feel he's sitting on top of the world quicker than good fresh grass.

Then, a few days before the show is to open, they're brought in, put in box stalls. They're fed all the oats they want, and once a day a handler leads them out for exercise.

All they have to give in exchange is ten seconds or less of their valuable liberty once every other day during the run of the show.

Not even every day—because that might make them feel they were being overworked.

THE END

"ONE-ARM" DRIVERS

By TOM A. BURKE

[EDITOR'S NOTE: This is the seventeenth of a series of short articles on the proper way to drive an automobile to avoid accidents. The articles are based on an extensive study of accident statistics.]

THE one-armed wonder is another species of chiseler. You meet him often. He's an expert in lighting cigarettes while driving fifty miles an hour. Also he's mighty clever in using both hands to light up the old pipe in a breeze. Good at cuddling his sweetie, too, as he sails along under a romantic moon.

This gent feels that one hand is plenty on the steering wheel. So he speeds along, apparently unmindful of the fact that a sudden jolt may throw his car clear out of control. A blow-out, for instance; an unseen hole in the pavement; or an unnoticed obstacle in the street.

These are the things that make one-armed driving so hazardous—the unforeseen emergencies which require the full strength of both arms. Common sense pleads with the motorist to keep both hands on the steering wheel. Two handfuls of safety are infinitely better than one.

Another article in this series will appear in an early issue.

From Hollywood . . .

READING TIME ● 8 MINUTES 31 SECONDS

by PRINCESS

Linguist, Traveler, Lecturer

JEAN PARKER

VICKI BAUM sparkles golden blonde against the white-and-green tranquillity of her drawing-room. Talk is good at her house. Vicki has the European gift of warming her guests to lively narrative.

After dinner the conversation turned to automobiles. Nobody walks in Hollywood; every one motors wherever they go; therefore the automotive topic crops up constantly.

Ernst Lubitsch told us about a ride he took with Ben Shulberg at the wheel.

First get this close-up of Lubitsch:

Irrepressibly energetic, an actor to his finger tips, and no one relishes the juiciness of his accent more than he does. He tells the Shulberg story: "Ben goes sixty, seventy, eighty miles an hour. I yell, 'Ben, you can't do it!' Comes a telegraph pole. Shut my eyes! Happens? Nothing. We miss that pole, I tell you."

At this point Lubitsch begins to jump up and down.

"But listen!" he concludes excitedly. "By two hairs we were dead!"

Sulka Viertel related another auto-perilous tale—she's the screen authoress who wrote Garbo's Queen Christina. And young Reinhardt—son of Max—enthused about horseback riding in the California hills.

STARS are born. Or are they made? It works both ways in Hollywood. I met a star in the making—Jean Parker—and I can assure you that no incubator baby is more carefully watched.

You saw Jean Parker play the part of Beth in Little Women. After that success she was picked for special training. M.-G.-M. is schooling her for stardom.

Jean's background is very modern. She's a child of divorce. Her parents separated when she was three years old. She acquired a stepmother. Again divorce invaded her home. A stepfather appeared. Jean ran away.

Thought she wanted to be a commercial artist. Studied drawing. Lived precariously until she was *discovered* by a Hollywood scout.

Professionally observant, the scout saw picture possibilities in Jean—her wistfulness, her delicate appeal, the perfect oval of her face.

I found her trying to read preposterously learned books on dull subjects. That was how some movie mogul has told her she ought to *refine* herself for publicity purposes. Actually, Jean Parker is a sweet and rather pathetic young girl, ambitious, hard working, and with some talent. The wiseacres may spoil her with their culture quackery.

A SIGN now hangs in the middle of Joe's celebrated bar at Tia Juana. That 250-foot bar is said by some authorities to be the longest in the world. The sign in the middle announces: "This section closed. Service at either end." I gazed down the infinite stretch of sitterless stools. In the far distance two bartenders stood mournfully at their posts. Another bartender sat talking to them from the customers' side.

"The three of us work here," they explained to me, "but them empty stools drive us nutty, so we take turns sitting on 'em. We can't stay all day behind a bar with nobody on the other side."

Repeal has knocked the joy spots out of Hollywood's Mexican playground. Tia Juana and Agua Caliente are deserted villages now. A few months ago twenty barmen toiled at Joe's place, and they served no mixed drinks—there wasn't time. In those days they had their hands full passing out straight stuff to the crowd packed ten deep the whole length of the bar.

Five people drifted in before we left. The five were these:

A Mexican papa with two small kids. A Mexican woman with a baby; she just came in to sit on a stool while she fed the infant at her breast.

JIMMY DURANTE and his famous schnozzle were ambushed in Hollywood by jocular pals from Broadway. They told him his picture career wouldn't thrive unless he knew one of the inside men who *fix things* secretly. Jimmy was impressed. At an appointed hour he went to a designated address. There he found a man in a white coat waiting for him—with an operating table prepared for business.

The Broadway boys had sent Jimmy to Dr. Josif Ginzburg, Hollywood's favorite plastic surgeon, who specializes in *fixing* noses.

HOME life in Hollywood—with samples:

I can't name names in this piece. Only situations. . . . The well known director and wife who still keep a joint banking account, although they have been separated for fifteen years. . . . The colored chauffeurs so faithful to their employers; I know one who has turned down big-money bids for what he knows about his celebrated lady boss entertaining boy friends ever so informally in

... to the Ladies!

ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

and Authority on Fashion

her limousine. . . . The daughter of a romantical actor-producer saying to his new wife over the telephone, "Has daddy been hitting you? I knew he would. I've got four scars on my face that he gave me."

PRINCESS KROPOTKIN

FAMOUS people are funny. They have their whims. A technique for dealing with them has been perfected by the radio industry. Mr. J. de Jara Almonte, of Spanish lineage, undertakes this delicate job at the National Broadcasting studio in Radio City. Mr. Almonte knows all the celebrities. Up to a certain point he lets them indulge their temperamental quirks. For instance:

Walter Winchell and Floyd Gibbons keep their hats on at the microphone. They feel uneasy with their hats off. Winchell is fidgety in the feet, does a continual St. Vitus's dance while he gossips over the air. Gibbons yanks off collar and necktie in the passion of his discourse.

Rosa Ponselle gesticulates at the mike more than any other star. She puts on an act as vigorous as though she were treading the operatic boards of the Metropolitan.

Carveth Wells brings his wife with him when he broadcasts. Quite a number of big radio talkers do the same. They can't work if their wives aren't there beside them to give them confidence.

H. G. Wells isn't comfortable at the mike unless he has an attractive girl sitting near by for him to look at while he talks. Nicholas Murray Butler forgets his glasses. Jimmy Walker always insisted upon standing up to broadcast. He wouldn't sit down before the mike, as most of the others do. "I'll stand up," said Jimmy. "That's the only way I know where my brains are."

Mr. Almonte takes care of all these nervous notables. As a rule he gives them plenty of rope, but he has been obliged to put his foot down on one point. No more dogs. For a while the famous ones insisted upon bringing their canine pets to work with them. The result was too many dogs—too much barking. Maybe that accounted for some of your static.

GORGEOUS girls do not belong to themselves in small towns or smallish cities. They are community institutions.

In a town I visit frequently the case of two beautiful sisters has just demonstrated this fact.

The sisters were born and raised there. They were the town's darlingest babies, then the prettiest schoolgirls, then the loveliest young women. The town took great public pride in them—especially because there were *two* of them, both equally delightful to the eye. When they walked together up Main Street, good citizens admired the double splendor happily and conversationally. Along with the town's fine water system and elegant post-office building, the two dazzling girls were pointed out to strangers as evidence of that town's superiority.

Now a dreadful thing has happened. No longer do the townsfolk beam with municipal joy when they look at the bonny pair.

One of the girls has grown fat. She has had the imprudence to become a regular fatty.

And the whole town is shocked, saddened.

It's as though the fine water system had turned to mud or the roof had blown off the elegant post office.

ARE you a toothsome dish for the mosquitoes? Are they intemperately fond of your flavor? If you want to spoil their appetite for you, try rubbing yourself with the following mixture, which you can have compounded at any good drug store:

4 drams tincture of myrrh; 15 grams tincture of opopanax; 1 dram formaldehyde; ½ dram acetic acid; 15 grams zinc sulphocarbolate; 15 grams oil of spike.

A bottle of the stuff ought to cost you something around a dollar and a quarter or a dollar and a half.

The formula comes from France. The French do so much summer picnicking that they are very expert at anti-mosquito warfare.

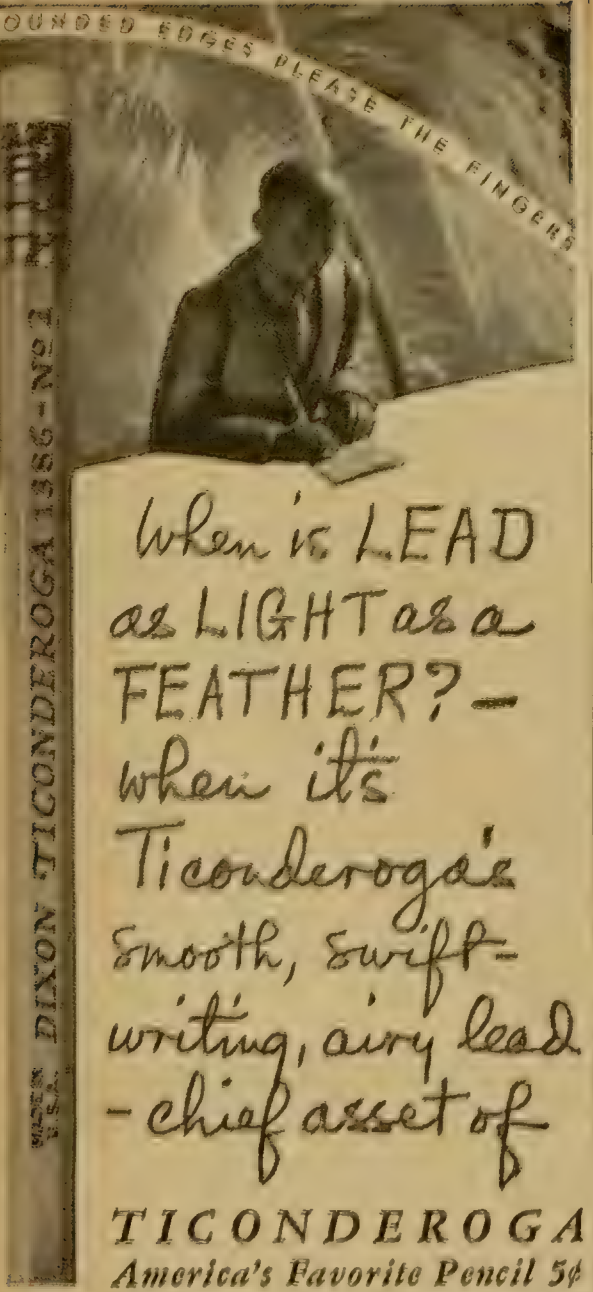
FOR some quiet summer reading try Our Daily Bread, by Gösta Larsson. (Published by the Vanguard Press.)

TRUST Paris to bring out mid-season novelties—just to keep us shopping, I suppose. A Paris friend has sent me these fashion tips from over there:

Fix a bandeau of flowers under the brim of your Breton-sailor hat, and wear a bouquet of flowers on your dress to match. Cornflowers made of feathers are the rage.

Over your sports dress wear a little jacket slung on your shoulders with the sleeves hanging empty.

Get a pair of ear clips shaped like arrows—they're new. Béret, bag, and gloves of bottle-green with a black costume.



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STORIES THAT SHOULD BE TOLD

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NBC BLUE NETWORK

Coming to Chicago?

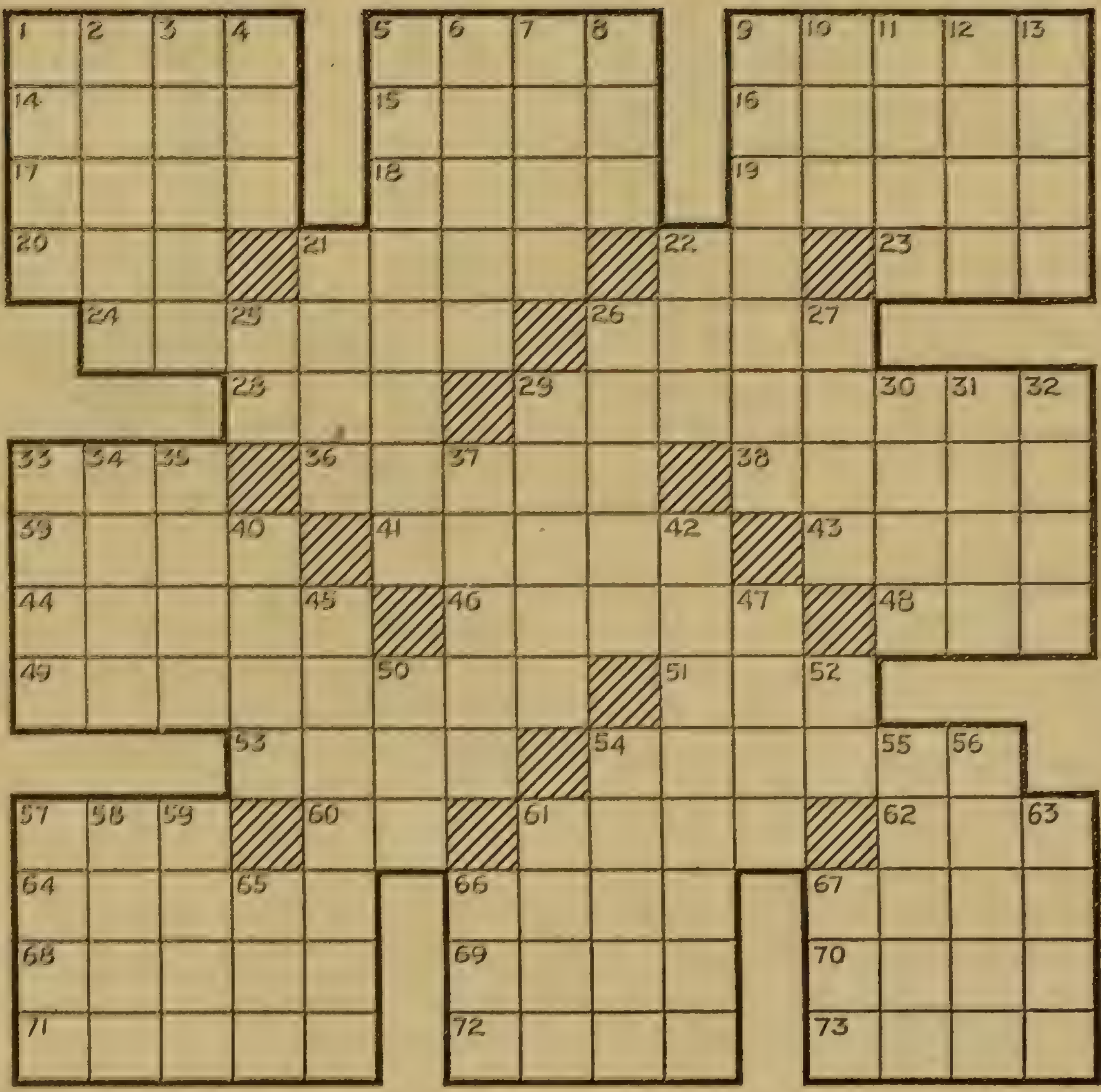
Suppose you owned this hotel? How would you run it?

No doubt you would want your guests sure of a friendly welcome; of cheerful, alert service; of clean, bright, modern rooms. You'd want them to sleep well; to like the food—to have it good food; and the rates would have to be right, too.

These are our policies
Try Hotel Knickerbocker.

HOTEL KNICKERBOCKER
Walton Place—East of Michigan Blvd.

CROSS WORDS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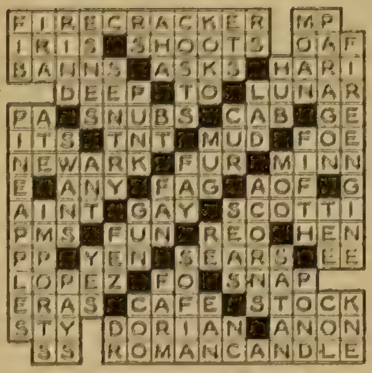
HORIZONTAL

1 Open
5 A species of palm tree
9 A fruit
14 Combining form: equal
15 Persian poet
16 Omit
17 Girl's name
18 Climbing plant
19 Fastening device
20 Petition; entreat
21 Native of a European country
22 Note of the scale
23 The bitter vetch
24 Showers in fine driving icy particles
26 Entangles
28 Past
29 Having the character of an originator
33 A beverage
36 Tree of the genus *Rhus*
38 Italian goddess
39 Genus of trees
41 A twilled silk fabric
43 Stiffly proper
44 One of the Muses
46 An American explorer
48 Highest note in Guido's scale
49 Sentinels
51 A viscous liquid
53 Perches
54 Discolors
57 Exclamation
60 Bone
61 Agitato
62 Greek letter
64 Badgerlike animal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DEEP■TO■LUNAR
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ITS■TNT■MUD■FOE
NEWARK■FUR■MINN
E■ANY■FAG■AOF■G
AINT■GAY■SCOTTI
PMS■FUN■REO■HEN
PP■YEN■SEARS■LE
LOPEZ■FO■SNAP
ERAS■CAFE■STOCK
STY DORIAN■ANON
SS ROMANCANDLE

Answer to last week's puzzle

66 A lure
67 Overcomes with reverential fear
68 Existent
69 A molding
70 To mark for omission
71 Suffers deprivation of
72 Girl's nickname
73 Extent of surface

VERTICAL

1 Mimics
2 Two-faced deity in Roman religion
3 Character in Shakespeare's Tempest
4 To disencumber
5 Eager to possess
6 Leaves out
7 Affected insincerity
8 Natural metal
9 Deserved
10 First name of a founder of an American university
11 Characterized by energetic activity
12 River flowing into the Baltic Sea
13 Mesh fabric (plural)
21 Long slender supports for an object
22 Deface
25 Babylonian god
26 Species of South American parrot
27 Clip off suddenly
29 Removes the rind
30 Weed (Biblical)
31 A West Indian shrub
32 A priest of a branch of Buddhism
33 Distinguished aviators
34 Learning
35 Spirit
37 Hybrid animal (plural)
40 Asiatic coins
42 An ancient race of Asia Minor and Syria
45 Birds of the genus Icterus
47 River in Germany
50 A pronoun
52 The smallest of the United States (abbr.)
54 Inclosures for domestic animals
55 Fresher
56 A pillar of stone
57 Verbal
58 Circle around the sun
59 Genus of birds
61 Man of wisdom
63 On the ocean
65 The day before a saint's day
66 To cut short
67 Woman's name

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue

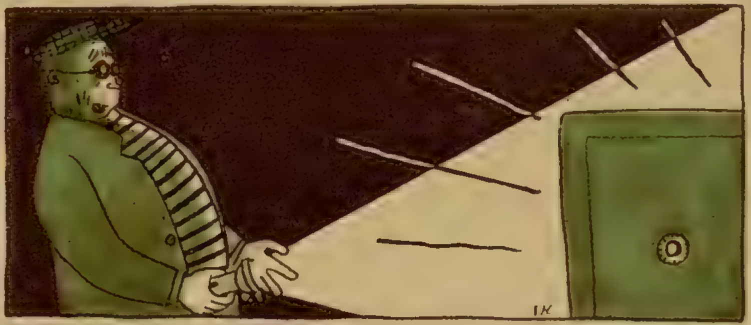
$250 LIMERICK CONTEST

FOR SIXTY-FOUR CASH PRIZES YOU CAN WIN!

HERE'S another unfinished Limerick to challenge your skill at last-lining. If you send in this week's best entry the $50 First Prize is yours. If your entry is second best your reward will be $25. If you enter, your chance to win one of these awards or one of the many lesser awards is excellent. By all means write out an entry and send it in. It won't take long, you'll have a lot of fun doing it, and you may win some extra cash. It's certainly worth the try. Treat the plight of the yeggman lightly or seriously, as you will. If you want, send in several entries, each with a different last line. This ought to be easy.

All your life you've heard Limericks recited and sung. Probably you've made up some of your own. In this case you only have to make up a last line. Half a dozen words, more or less, may put you in line for a share of the prize money. Write them now and send them in. The rules tell when and where.

Here's the Limerick. What's your line?



A yeggman took hold of the knob
Of the safe he intended to rob.
Then he jumped back, surprised.
'Twas a wireless disguised—

. . . .

(You write the last line)

Write a first line for a new Limerick in the space below

. . . .

All last lines for this Limerick must be postmarked on or before midnight, July 14. This gives every one ample time to enter. Results will be published in about seven weeks.

THE CASH PRIZES

FIRST PRIZE	$50
SECOND PRIZE	25
THIRD PRIZE	15
FOURTH PRIZE	10
TEN PRIZES, EACH $5	50
FIFTY PRIZES, EACH $2	100
TOTAL PRIZE MONEY	$250

THE RULES

Each week the first four lines of a Limerick will be printed in Liberty. Write your own last line to complete the Limerick. Then write a first line for a new Limerick. Send your entry to LIMERICKS, Liberty Weekly, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

You don't have to use the form printed on this page unless you want to. You may copy the printed lines on another piece of paper. Be sure that your name and full address are plainly written or printed on the same sheet. Send in as many entries each week as you wish. However, no contestant can win more than one prize in any one week.

For the best last line for the contest Limerick, accompanied by the best suggested first line for a new Limerick, $50 will be paid; for the next best, $25; for the third, $15; for the fourth best, $10; for the next ten, $5 each; and for the fifty next best, $2 each. Any one, anywhere, may compete, with the exception of employees of Liberty and their families.

ANOTHER $250 UNFINISHED LIMERICK NEXT WEEK!

Bright Girl

READING TIME ● 32 MINUTES 56 SECONDS

DR. DAVID CARSON, young surgeon, thinks he knows Kay Bronson, a beautiful girl he has set up in a little New York apartment. Yet at times she puzzles him. He met her when she became governess to his four-year-old nephew, Robbie Gordon. Then, as they grew to love each other, she told him something of her past in the Mid-Western city whence she came.

She told him her father was dead and her mother was now married to Leonard Walters. She said she studied to become a school-teacher with her friend, Jessie Ryland; then, at seventeen, married Billy Warren, a drug clerk, whom she quit to come to New York. Her secret ambition, she confided, was to become a writer.

But Kay didn't tell David that her late father was rich and whimsically brilliant; nor that she had been reared in an environment of wealth and culture. She left David to draw his own picture, and he naturally decided the Bronsons were poor and the type to take in a drug clerk and send out a school-teacher.

The puzzle about Kay in David's mind was that she strictly insists she will pay back the money he advanced for her apartment; also the exquisite taste she exhibits in furnishing the rooms. This latter reminds him of the aristocratic wife of his friend, Dr. Sterling, and David wonders where Kay, a governess and run-away drug clerk's wife, acquired such ideas.

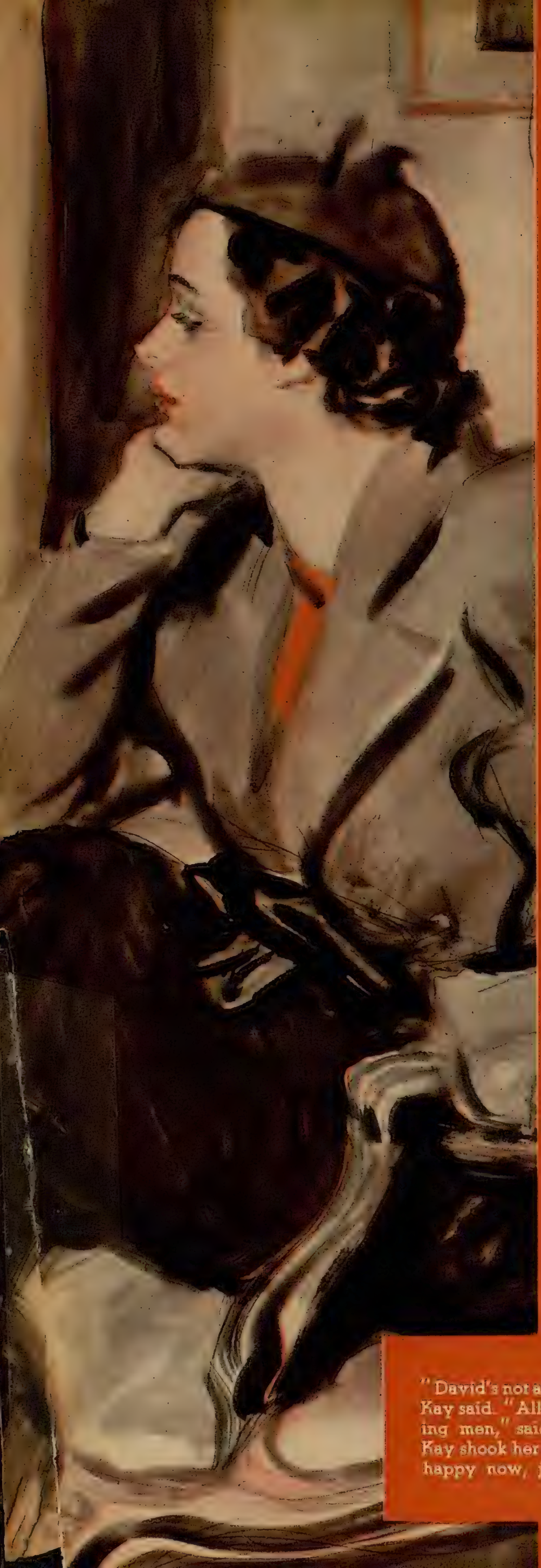
Jimmy Kerr, Kay's childhood sweetheart, and his mother come to New York, en route to Europe, and for the looks of things David remains away during their three-day stay in the city. Kay tells the Kerrs she goes to business and, to discourage any love-making on Jimmy's part, tells him another man is interested in her. Jimmy intimates he knows how she is living, but Kay knows he will keep her secret. Then the Kerrs sail.

PART SEVEN — HOME AGAIN

KAY sent books to the boat and flowers for Mrs. Kerr. She stood at the end of the pier until even the flutter of white which had been the Kerrs' handkerchiefs had disappeared. Then she turned and walked back into her life with David.

It was good to see him again. She need not have kept him from her for three whole days. Jimmy and his mother were certainly not people who would pop into her apartment without invitation. But she felt better and cleaner for not walking with David's kisses fresh on her lips into the presence of a woman who admired and believed in her.

David came back to her gratefully. Three days had seemed three years, he said. He had so much to tell her.



"David's not a marrying man," Kay said. "All men are marrying men," said Mrs. Sterling. Kay shook her head. "We are happy now, just as we are."

Continuing a Brilliant Novel of Today. . . The Story of a Heroine Who Was Man-Crazy

by VIÑA DELMAR

ILLUSTRATIONS BY JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

The Gordons had had a dreadful quarrel and were on the verge of a separation. Mrs. Sterling had run into a truck with her new imported roadster and had completely ruined the car without hurting herself in the least. David had operated on a man with an incurable disease and had added five years to his life.

"He won't play tennis or go dancing, and he won't live on indefinitely, but I gave him five more years anyhow."

"Oh, David, you're wonderful!"

"Why? Because the poor devil has five more years to go? Maybe he'll live to wish the knife had slipped."

"That's none of your business. Your job is to prolong life regardless of anything else."

"I know it, but sometimes I wonder."

"I would, too, but I didn't think doctors ever did. They shouldn't."

"You're right. But, say. This is a gloomy sort of a subject for a reunion. Let's go out and run wild."

Kay laughed. "Shall we run wild at the movies," she asked, "or calling on patients?"

"Well, I do have to make a few calls," he admitted. "You don't mind sitting in the car, do you, darling?"

"I never have."

"Afterward we'll go some place and dance if you like."

Kay thought about the Gordons off and on during the evening. She wondered if they would really separate. She was not concerned for Robbie, as in any case Mrs. Gordon would have him, and that meant David's supervision would go on. The child thought more of his uncle than he did of his father anyway. Mr. Gordon was too apt to make glittering empty promises. No self-respecting child could love him, and perhaps Mrs. Gordon herself had finally discovered what Robbie had known from the start. When she and David danced together that night Kay thought how beautiful it was to feel his arms around her again. She had missed him and had not known it till now. She looked up at him and smiled.

"You're glad to have me back," he said; "I can see it in your eyes."

"Of course I'm glad."

He tightened his embrace. "Don't let us ever get separated again, Kay."

She said, "For the sake of the moment's mood I won't argue. I'll say, 'All right, David, never again.'"

He said, "For the sake of the moment's mood I would have thought you'd forego your smart cynicism."

"It was cheap, wasn't it? However, I'm not sure it wasn't wise to play the scene with a little lightness, David. It's silly to make grave promises just because an orchestra plays sweetly and the lights are dimmed. Some day, when there is no orchestra and the lights are painfully bright, it would be awful for one of us to say to the other, 'You promised.'"

"I shall never try to hold you against your will, Kay."

"I know, David, and I hope you know I'll stage no suicidal scenes. Let's stop talking now and get back in time with the music."

When that evening was over she thought to herself, "It was lovely. I think I will always remember it. Yet it was not very different from many other evenings."

And she was right. The evenings were all beautifully alike. There was David and light laughter and discussions and love. The evenings came and went swiftly. Weeks piled up and became months. The Kerrs were back from Europe while Kay was still thinking that she must have a letter to greet them at 11 Rue Scribe.

They did not stop in New York this time. Jimmy phoned and said that they had docked and were leaving for home that night. She could not go to the station. The Sterlings were having a dinner party.

Jimmy said, "Mother is going to write you about that second-floor refurnishing. She wasn't fooling."

Kay thought, "Good heavens, is it four months since I waved good-by to them? Where has the time gone?" And she said to David, "Isn't it amazing how the time flies? How little one accomplishes in four months."

HE looked at her steadily. "Kay, the time has gone fast for me ever since I've known you, but I've accomplished things. What have you done on your book?"

"I've written another chapter," she answered quickly.

"One chapter in four months?"

"I rewrote the first chapter, too."

He laughed. "Your publishers will be able to advertise that the book was ten years in preparation."

She did not smile and he knew a moment of fierce panic. Would she think that he was trying to hurry her so that she would be able to repay him sooner?

He hastened with an explanation: "Darling, you know I wouldn't care whether you wrote or not, but you asked me to nag you about it."

"I know I did. I know I appear lazy, but I'm having trouble with the story, and I want it to clear in my mind before I go at it again."

"Does it clear while you're playing bridge?" he asked. "Why don't you quit going to the Sterlings' in the afternoons and concentrate on the book? You know, Kay, you'll never get anywhere at the rate you're going."

"Oh, don't you worry, David. I don't play bridge unless I'm sure I won't be able to write that day."

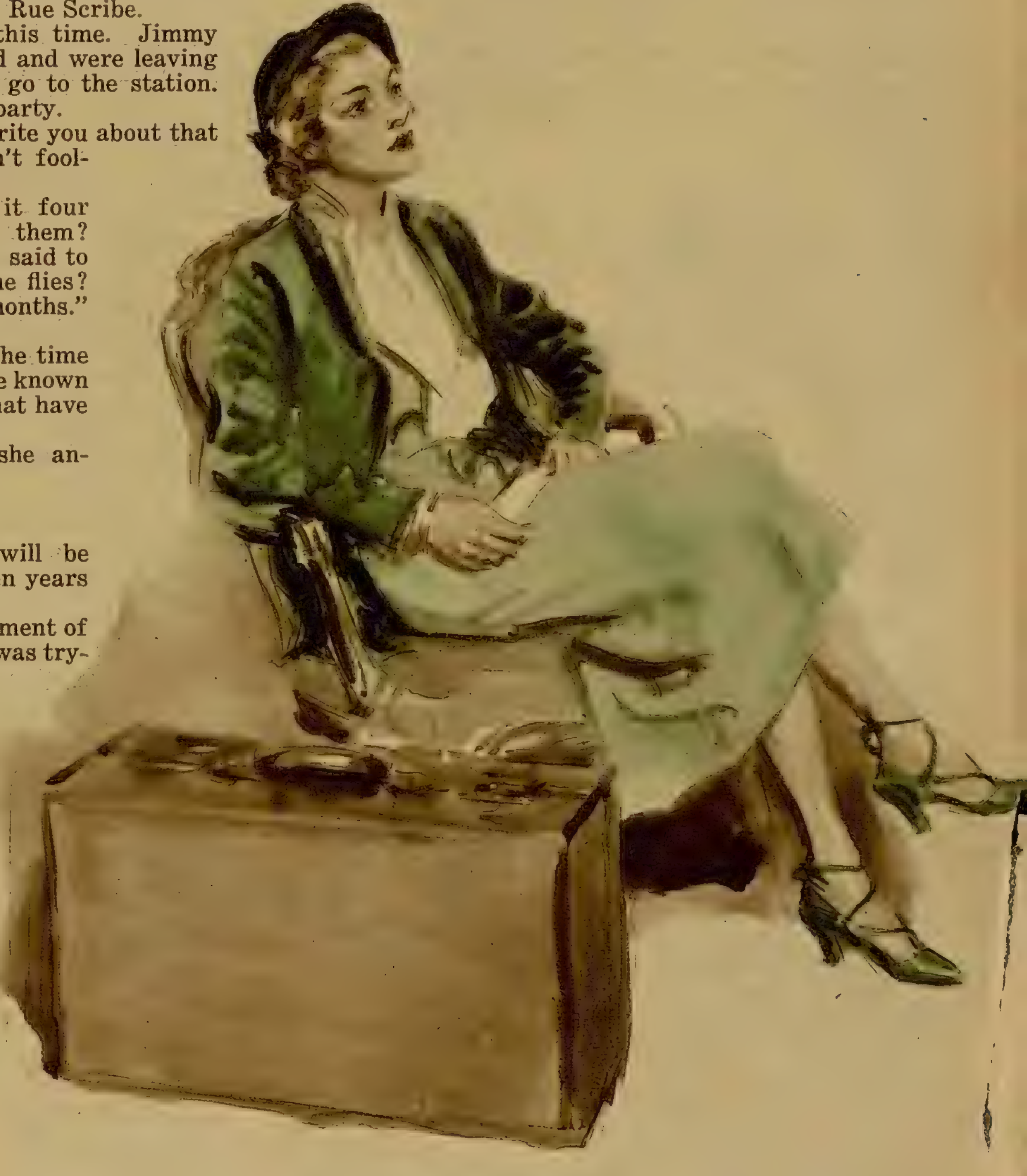
He laughed and said, "Oh, you're such a little damn' fool." He knew that she was annoyed, but he roughly swept her into his arms and hugged her tightly. "If you weren't childish about some things, darling, you wouldn't seem human. You're so smart and astounding most times that it's refreshing and delightful to hear you make one of those little-girl remarks."

"What's little-girlish about knowing when it's possible for one to work?"

"It's little-girlish because you won't admit you like to play bridge. You won't admit it to yourself."

"Of course I like to play bridge. But I assure you, David, I know when I can work and when I can't."

"All right, darling. You're right. You know better than anybody else, so I won't police you any more. I won't mention the book again. You're only human and one never likes to be nagged—especially for one's own good."



He was perplexed by her unruffled calm. Illness and sudden journeys might be her daily fare, judging from her manner.

She did not tell him that the second chapter was far from satisfactory. It would have to be worked over again and again. Her happy association with David had colored that chapter. She wanted to paint Billy's character realistically. With absolute fidelity she wanted to record his thoughts and his conversation. The reader should know Billy as she had known him; his emptiness and cheapness should be evident without the author ever once saying to the reader that Billy was empty and cheap.

And now in that second chapter Billy was losing his value as a character. Already he had graduated from the moron class and was talking and acting just a shade too much like Dr. David Carson. What had started out to be the true picture of one girl's marriage was leaning slightly toward the romantic school of fiction. Kay knew that she must fight to keep her memories alive. She must remember those stories of Billy's about his ex-sweet-

hearts and the way in which he had told them. It could be a great book if she didn't botch it up by trying to merge Billy and David into one entity.

She was finding it so difficult to recapture the moods of discontent and disgust which she had known with Billy, that she considered finding another plot. But no other plot occurred to her, and besides, starting one story while another lay unfinished would be a bad habit to acquire. There was nothing to do but buckle down and force her mind to recall Billy's speech and mannerisms, his stupidities and his petty triumphs. Yes she would buckle down, starting Monday.

There were nights when David couldn't see her. They came seldom, but once in a while and quite unexpectedly there was a call, and there she stood with the telephone in her hand facing a night without David. For the first fifteen minutes she felt lost and miserable, as one does in disappointment, but before an hour had passed she was always deeply interested in something that made the night slip by. She would find herself walking about the little apartment and humming softly. It would even seem pleasant to be in the bright little room alone, catching up on sewing and letters and things that never got done when David was around.

She thought, "I am so contented that I shall probably grow big and fat." And then she looked at her young slimness in the mirror and laughed.

It was during such an evening that she thought of Jessie Ryland. Poor love-starved Jessie who had never forgiven her for wanting Billy Warren. Would she forgive her now after almost three years? Impulsively Kay ran to her desk and began at once to write to Jessie. Even as she wrote she knew that it was not forgiveness from Jessie she craved, but only to share her own wealth of happiness with those less fortunate.

SHE told Jessie the same story of herself which she had told Mrs. Kerr. It was quite a long letter, for Kay mused tenderly upon the happy times she and Jessie had known together. She begged Jessie to write and tell all about herself, as Mama, being an infrequent letter-writer, had sent no word of her.

The answer came within a few days. Kay had known that if there was to be any reply at all, it would come swiftly. Jessie would be businesslike about her mail.

DEAR KAY:

Your letter received. It was nice of you to write, and I appreciate your remembering me. I'm sorry that I can tell you nothing interesting about myself. I am a school-teacher, as I had planned to be. I took over my first class this fall.

If your mother hasn't written, then perhaps you don't know you are a widow. From the tone of your letter I judge that you are unaware that your husband was shot and killed by the drug-store bandit who is terrorizing this part of the state. It was a most cold-blooded and vicious crime, for your husband was unarmed and entirely alone in the store. They have not captured the slayer and probably never will.

I am sorry to be the sender of bad news, for no matter how much your husband sank in your estimation during your married life, he was still your husband.

I trust that the shock brings you no remorse or ill effects.

Sincerely yours,
JESSIE RYLAND.

For one solid hour Kay sat motion-

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MES AMIS!

in the
Laurentians
of Québec

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Drive through fragrant forests North to *Mont Laurier*, and back by the *Gatineau Valley to Hull and Ottawa;* or if you choose, eastward, to ancient *Trois Rivières, the St. Maurice Valley and Laurentide National Park.* Glorious country all of it, dotted with sleepy, old-world villages, with their treasures of handicraft . . . and friendly wayside Inns.

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ALWAYS STOPPING FOR ANOTHER QUART OF OIL ?

Does the oil pressure of your car drop after a few hundred miles? Do you have to stop and buy an extra quart? Would you like to avoid that constant expense? Then read what Dr. W. A. Wood of Centralia, Ill. says:

"For ten years, I used Quaker State Motor Oil exclusively. Then two months ago, a patient of mine operating a filling station induced me to try his oil. I had my Chrysler drained and filled, drove it 900 miles, and during this time added 3 quarts. He told me I needed a slightly heavier oil. Refilled as he directed, and had to add another 3 quarts. I had been driving 1000 to 1100 miles with Quaker State and not adding any. I refilled with Quaker State and again drove 1000 to 1100 miles without adding a drop."

You can't get results like that with ordinary oil.

Every gallon of ordinary motor oil contains one quart, more or less, of a watery, non-lubricating material called "light-end" oil. This vaporizes readily and burns up without doing a complete job of lubrication. Quaker State removes "light-end" material by a special process at the refinery. You get four quarts of *full strength* motor oil to the gallon.

Look for the green-and-white Quaker State sign. Most places will service your car from refinery-sealed cans or double-sealed drums. Quaker State Oil Refining Co., Oil City, Pa.

RETAIL PRICE . . .
34¢ plus 1¢ Federal Tax: 35¢ per quart

QUAKER STATE
MOTOR OILS
and Superfine Greases

"First choice of Experience"

less with Jessie's letter in her hand. Billy was dead. Poor Billy, who had dreamed no dreams. His stories of the girl in Detroit and the woman in Florida were stilled forever. He was dead. Kay saw him lying stiff and cold behind the counter at Gridley's with the blood spurting from his head and running thickly across his handsome face.

She thought to herself, "I am sorry for him as many people were sorry when over their breakfast tables they said, 'Say, this is a darn' shame. The drug-store bandit knocked off the young clerk down at Gridley's.'"

And she was ashamed that she could not wail or moan or squeeze out one tear for Billy. He was an unfortunate stranger, the victim of a cowardly attack, and had Jessie's letter had a sporting section she could have turned to it and read with interest the reports of the tennis matches at Forest Hills.

But Jessie's letter had no sporting page. It had only news of Billy's death and the unwritten wish that Kay would not write to her again. Kay had married the wrong man but she had married him. There had been a vow to take him for better or worse and Kay had spoken it lightly. Jessie, who would never walk to the altar, was a firm believer in the marriage vow. Jessie, whom no man wanted, would be loyal till death. It was all part of a strange incomprehensible plan.

After a time she wrote to Mama and asked her why she had not been told of Billy's death. "I have heard from you five times since I left," she wrote. "Don't you think you might have written or wired when my husband was murdered? It's just possible that it would interest me more than the fact (detailed in two pages of your last letter) that Leonard can now go around in ninety on the golf course."

AFTER she mailed the letter she was sorry. She had written it in anger, and to speak or write in anger is foolish and unkind. When Mama's answer came, Kay was sorrier still. The Walters had wanted to claim Billy's body, but some woman in town had taken him and given him a cheap but decent enough burial. The presence of this woman would have been a source of embarrassment to Kay had she been in town for the funeral. Mama had been meaning to write about Billy, but it was so hard to write a letter of that kind that she just hadn't got around to it.

It was cruel to scold any one like Mama. She was just born irresponsible and couldn't help it.

Farther along in the letter Kay read that Billy had sold the cottage some six months before his death and had been spending money like a drunken sailor ever since.

Kay was glad. He'd had a good time and somebody had cared enough to be there when his strong arms were stiff and useless and his mouth cold to her kiss. He'd had everything he'd wanted out of life, so who was to say he was dumb?

David said to her, "You are so thoughtful recently. What's on your mind?"

She laughed and said, "All manner of things. You and Robbie, and the Gordons going back together, and the second act in the show last night."

She did not say that she was a widow, for to tell him so would make him wonder. He would wonder if she now expected him to marry her. He would say to himself, "We've been happy together. Now she wants to marry me and spoil it all. If she didn't want to, what was her purpose in telling me that her husband was dead?"

IT was simpler far to let Billy lie in his grave and say nothing about him.

At least once a month Kay went to see Robbie. The Gordons had moved into a more elaborate apartment farther downtown. It had more glass knobs and mirrors than the other one and was evidently the bait with which Mr. Gordon had lured Mrs. Gordon back to him.

Robbie was growing bigger and more handsome. Kay was surprised when Mrs. Gordon said, "We're starting him to school on Monday. What do you think about that?"

"School?" Kay darted a frightened glance at the child.

"Sure, school. He's six years old."

"Of course he is. I'm so stupid. I expect babies to stay babies forever."

Mrs. Gordon sighed. "They can't," she said.

"No, they can't. I can see that."

Mrs. Gordon laughed now. "You seemed to be stunned by the fact that Robbie's growing a little older."

"I'm stunned because *I* am, Mrs. Gordon."

"Oh, you. You're a babe in arms still. Wait till you get my age."

Kay said nothing, for she couldn't tell Mrs. Gordon what was in her mind. If your ambition is to become great and famous, then you are never too young to worry about the passing years, for you desperately need every one of them.

She looked at Robbie and she thought of her book and that she had finished four chapters. She had put six months in on buying for Mrs. Kerr's second floor. She had haunted auction rooms and secondhand and antique shops until she had become known to each and every one of them. It had been fun and she hadn't been able to resist doing it. But the passing time! She shuddered.

She said to David, "I am twenty-one."

"Poor old lady. Do you think you'll need a wheel chair, or will crutches do?"

"Don't laugh at me, David. I've accomplished nothing."

"Oh, for God's sake, Kay, don't start that again. Of course you've accomplished nothing. As nearly as I can make out, writing isn't a sudden glorious inspiration born with a bag of gold in its hand. Between the inspiration and the bag of gold lies a period of work. The words must be set down. And if you want the credit for the book, you have to set those words down yourself.”

“I want to set them down.”

“Then why the hell don't you?”

Kay laughed. “You win. I'm lazy and I want sympathy for it.”

“All right. If you're going to talk sense then I'll quit barking and be nice to you. Look, dear, twenty-one may seem absolutely senile to you; but it's pretty young after all. Lots of the present literary lights of the world haven't even dreamed of writing at twenty-one. Many of them were giddy college kids at that age.”

“Yes, but giddy or no, they were at least learning something. I haven't learned anything since I was eighteen.”

“Or in other words since you met me.”

“Your arrival in my life was merely coincidental with my lazy streak. I'll get over it. I think I'll write a short story or two for practice and to feel that I'm doing something.”

“That will be a good idea.”

She never mentioned the figures in the little red-leather book any more, but he knew that she still entered every item. He thought that by now she must be appalled by the gigantic proportions of the figures. He did not care about the money spent on Kay. It had been pleasant to spend it on her, but he said nothing, for he knew that his view of the situation would be distasteful to her.

It surprised him to find that she went to work immediately upon a short story, skipping the beauty parlor and refusing an invitation to play bridge.

She worked three weeks on her story and then read it to him. He had expected a gay or a tragic episode in the lives of people like the Sterlings or the Gordons, or perhaps one of those flip stories about a stenographer and the firm's best salesman. But Kay's story came under none of these headings.

SHE read him a story about ancient Rome and two Greek slaves who loved each other. There was description enough to build in the mind of a three-year-old a fairly good picture of old Rome and the existing conditions. There was a swift and touching conversation between the tormented lovers. And then there was a call for the female slave, and the lovers embraced and separated.

Kay stopped reading. “What do you think of it?” she asked.

“It's good. Go on.”

“Go on! It's finished!”

“Oh, it can't be!”

“It is.”

“But what happens, Kay? What happens to the two lovers?”

She looked at him with scorn. “What happens to them? What do you think?”

“I don't know. I'm asking you.”

She turned and put her penciled manuscript back into the drawer of her desk. “David,” she said, “you remind me of the fellow who was reading a story about the American Revolution and said that he couldn't wait to get to the finish and see who won.”

“All right, Kay, I'll take the rap. I'm dumb. You tell me what happened.”

“What *could* happen to a love affair of two Greek slaves in ancient Rome?”

“I don't know!” he shouted.

“They bought a lot in Hoboken,” she said icily, “and built a home and raised a large family.”

“LOOK, Kay, I suppose you mean by that that nothing could come from the love of those slaves. They couldn't have each other. All right. Your story, then, is only significant to those who can see it with a full understanding of their position. In fact, it's not a story. It's what is known today as a ‘slice of life.’ Do you suppose many magazines would care for a slice of life cut from ancient Rome?”

“I didn't write it to sell. I wrote it for practice.”

“You couldn't have practiced with modern people in a familiar dilemma?”

“I'm sorry I read it to you.”

He knew that she was hurt and he wished from the bottom of his heart that he could take back all that he had said within the last five minutes. But she was not one to sulk about a real or fancied grievance. Perhaps she'd never again read one of her stories but she would go to the bicycle races with him, and he thought to himself, “At least I can understand the bicycle races.”

And one day Mrs. Sterling said, “Kay, you and David have certainly proven you can get along together.”

“Oh, I suppose we get along better than most people, but it really isn't so dreadfully long that we've been together.”

Mrs. Sterling wrinkled her smooth brow with remembering. “I met you the day I bought Nishki. Don't you recall? You'd never before seen a Russian wolfhound puppy.”

“That's right. He was so cute.”

“Yes. Do you know how long I've had him now?”

“I know. Don't tell me.”

“I will tell you. I've had him four years. You've been with David four years that I know of.”

“It's exactly four years. He brought me to you almost at once. I suspect that he would have dropped me like a hot cake if you hadn't approved of me.”

“Why don't you marry him, Kay?”

“You know I'm married.”

“You could get a divorce.”

“David's not a marrying man,” Kay said.

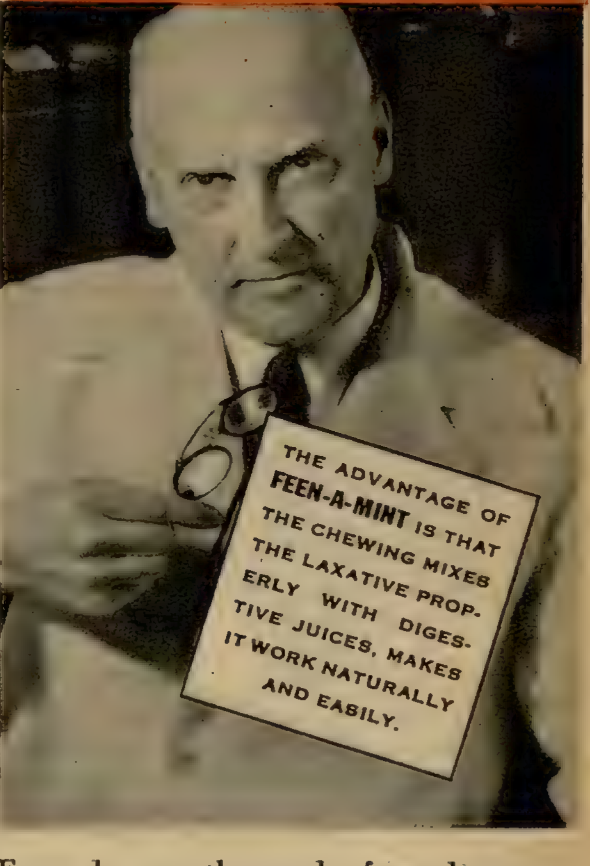
“All men are marrying men,” said Mrs. Sterling.

Kay shook her head. “We're happy now, just as we are.”

Mrs. Sterling said, “Is this all you want to do with your life?”

CHEW YOUR LAXATIVE

RELIEF FROM CONSTIPATION FOUND IN USING LAXATIVE IN CHEWING-GUM FORM, SCIENCE REPORTS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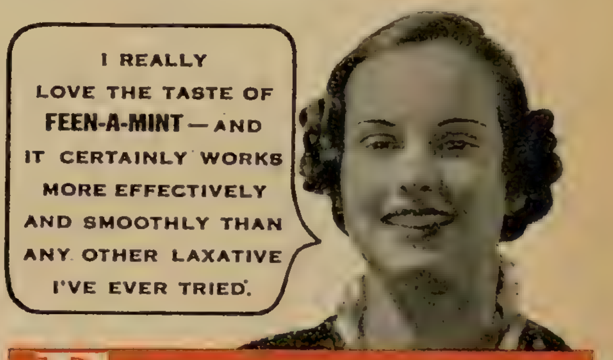
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The Chewing-Gum LAXATIVE

"No. I want to write. I've written three or four short stories, and I had a novel almost finished. I had two chapters to go on it when I discovered that it was utter tripe, so I tore it up."

"How did you know it was bad?"

"Oh, I knew. You see, the male character in it was a cheap, vulgar, rather dislikable fellow and he was drawn from life. I was only into the story a little way when I discovered this model of mine was dead. You see? It spoiled the story, for I couldn't draw him as he really was any more. I began attributing new motives to his actions, nobility began to crop out in him. My songs of hate were stilled."

"You're a strange girl, Kay Bronson."

"People always say that to me. I don't know why."

"Don't you? I'll tell you why I say it. You are so clever and so stupid all at the same time. You never look ahead. What's to become of you?"

"What's to become of me?" Kay was annoyed. "Do you think I'm heading for the gutter, Helen?"

"No, for Heaven's sake, I don't mean that! But don't you know that nothing stays the same forever? Your life with David is perfect, but what about tomorrow?"

"What about your tomorrow, Helen? It's no more secure than mine."

Mrs. Sterling laughed. "I was never clever, Kay. I expected nothing out of life except a passably respectable man who would be a good companion. When tomorrow comes and brings me no laurels for my accomplishments, I shall not be disappointed. I expected none. But you, poor child, you will look for laurels, and when they do not come you will die of remorse."

"But when tomorrow comes," Kay promised, "there will have been accomplishments and there will be laurels."

"I hope so, Kay."

And on another day Kay looked at snapshots which Leonard had taken when he and Mama had been in Honolulu. They had just returned and had sent her the pictures. Kay wished that they would send pictures of home instead, for she wondered how the house looked and the garden and the square where the ladies shopped of an afternoon. For she was now one of those people who after twelve o'clock at night begin to talk of how long it is since he or she has seen the home town. And once she met a man from home and found herself saying, "Did you know the Glynns? Did you know the Williamsons who run the Paris Store? Did you ever go dancing at the country club? Did you know the Maitlands?"

But she did not say, "Did you know the Bronsons?" For the man would answer that he had of course known *of* them, and David was standing there listening.

She found herself remembering that it was a good town with good shops and enterprising business people. And she was amused to find that after a while you want to go home. Not to stay. Just to visit. It wasn't homesickness. It was curiosity.

And she said to David, "Sometime I shall go see my mother."

He said, "I should hope so. I'll miss you like the devil, but you can go any time you want."

SHE kissed him because he was so sweet and believed so implicitly that he understood. A girl wants to see her mother. It is natural. But what of a girl who wants to go home to see a dog-run, a shopping center, an unused bedchamber, and a country club? David would say that she was mad, and perhaps he would be right.

When she kissed him he caught her in a tight embrace and held her.

"Don't go now," he said. "I need you."

And she knew that he was having one of his blue moods which came so seldom. They came when somebody died whom he had expected to save. They came when he had dreadful news to give some one who was badly placed to take it. They came, too, when he thought of the passing years, for now David was beginning to look for the laurels and worrying lest they fail to come.

"I'm getting nowhere," he said. "I'm close to thirty-five."

"David, how can you say that! You work feverishly. Every one respects you and sings your praises."

"But where is the material reward? Where is the vacation I need? I can't afford it. Where is anything that a man should have when he works as hard as I do?"

"It will come, David."

"Oh, yes, it will come to some one else who knows the value of ballyhoo. Plodding people get nowhere."

She laughed, hoping to shake him out of his depressed humor. "What shall we do, dear? Put a green and red electric sign on the roof? It could say, 'Carson Corrects Cankered Conditions.' That ought to be ballyhoo enough."

He rewarded her effort with a slight smile. "I guess nothing really matters," he said, "while you're with me."

He kissed her again, for he seemed to get comfort and strength from her. Perhaps he knew that she was the one thing life had given him which was pleasantly disproportionate to what he could buy.

Her beauty and brilliance in the open market would fetch a higher price than he could ever hope to pay. She had been given to him by a kindly fate for what he could afford.

"I wouldn't go now," she said. "I haven't seen Mama in five years, so I guess there's no particular hurry."

AND then there was the evening when Mama telegraphed:

LEONARD DESPERATELY ILL STOP WOULD APPRECIATE HAVING YOU WITH ME IF YOU CAN ARRANGE IT

"Who is Leonard?" David asked.

"My stepfather."

"Oh. You must go, dear, if your mother needs you."

"Yes, I must go."

"I'll phone and find out about trains."

There was one at midnight. "I'll take that one," Kay said. She packed a suitcase and then sat down to talk with him about the journey. "I don't know how long I'll be, David. I'll come back as soon as I can."

"Will you write every day?"

"Of course I will."

"I'll miss you so dreadfully, Kay."

"And I'll miss you."

"I hope you find things all right. I hope your stepfather pulls through."

"I imagine he will. Mama is so easily excited that I can't believe it's so bad as it seems."

"Don't you want to wire that you're coming?"

"Oh, yes, I forgot."

He was perplexed by her unruffled calm. She was neither worried nor excited. Illness and sudden journeys might be her daily fare, judging from her manner.

When he kissed her good-by at the train she said to him, "If you miss me too much, just wire and I'll come right back."

"Why, you couldn't, dear. Your mother will need you."

"You're right," she said, for he was looking at her quizzically and wondering how one could ever forget that one's mother always comes first. "Well, I'll write every day, dear. Good-by."

"Good-by, Kay darling."

Before the train had reached its twentieth mile she had forgotten that she had ever desired to make this trip. She could only think that she should have telephoned Mama and found out whether she was really needed.

Mama had friends and servants and unlimited reserves to help her through any crisis. David had no one but her to whom he could turn when he was despondent.

Still, David would have thought less of her had she not unquestioningly hastened to Mama's side.

Jimmy Kerr met her at the station. She was not surprised. She knew Mama wouldn't be able to come.

"It's good to see you, Kay."

"It's good to see *you.* How are you?"

"Fine."

"How is your mother?"

"Never better."

"How is *my* mother?"

Jimmy smiled. "She's taking it hard."

"Leonard's illness? Is it very bad?"

"No. Didn't she tell you? It's his appendix."

"You mean to say she dragged me out here for that?"

“Well, you can't blame her. He bellows like a dying ox. She thinks he's dying.”

“Did they take the appendix out?”

“Yes, yesterday.”

“Did he have a complete anæsthetic or a spinal?”

“A complete, I guess. He was out like a light.”

“Yes, that's a complete. Are they giving him hypos today for the pains?”

Jimmy nodded. “How did you know there were pains?”

“There always are after an appendectomy.”

“Oh.” Jimmy looked at the road ahead in silence for a time. Then, “Say, after the operation they put needles in Leonard's chest and dripped water into him. I wish I could think what the doctor called that.”

“Hypodermoclysis.”

“Oh, yes,” Jimmy said, “that's the word. Your mother won't believe he isn't going to die, and according to the doctor he doesn't stand a chance of dying. Do you want to go home or to the hospital, Kay? Your mother's at the hospital.”

“I'd like to go home first. I'd like to spend about ten minutes there washing the train off me.”

As the car entered the section of the town where the big homes stood in all their glory, Kay experienced a feeling very like stage fright. She found herself quivering with eagerness to see the house and at the same time fearing the sight of it would make her cry.

And suddenly there it was. It stood unchanged in its somber elegance. The tall trees, the trim flowers surrounded it. Almost, almost, she could see Daddy coming toward her with the dogs at his heels.

She jumped from the car and ran to the back, up the driveway past the rose garden and the grapevine, across the smooth green lawn to the dog-run. The great Dane was there but he looked at her mournfully as though to say, “You seem glad to see me and that makes me sad, for I cannot remember you.”

There was a Scottie there—no, two Scotties and a Schnauzer. They looked with indifference upon this too forward stranger who tried to scrape an acquaintance.

She ran from them, for Jimmy must not be detained forever. “I'll come back later,” she thought.

She ran to the back door and was halfway across the kitchen when a huge Negro in a white linen coat appeared in the doorway.

“Pardon me, miss,” he said. “Do you wish to see some one?”

SHE laughed. “I forgot you wouldn't know me. I'm Mrs. Warren. Mrs. Walters is my mother.”

“We expected you, but not at the back door.”

“Mr. Kerr is in the driveway in case you want to assure yourself of my identity.”

“No, no. That's all right. We expected you.”

Kay went upstairs. The door of her room stood open. Nothing was changed. Her books still lined two of the walls. There were towels on the rack in the bathroom and flowers everywhere.

Kay gratefully washed away the visible train soot and ran a comb through her hair. That must do for now. She looked longingly at the tub, but that had to be a pleasure deferred.

She glanced at her watch. It had been six minutes since she had left Jimmy. There was still time.

She walked out of her room and down the corridor to the left wing. Up in front there was the room she wanted to see. Daddy's room. She entered it on quiet feet. The house was so large that there were rooms to spare, thus when people went away their rooms were not dismantled and made over for other purposes. Daddy's room was as he had left it, save that his books had been moved to the downstairs library.

Kay closed the door behind her and went to sit in Daddy's chair.

And as she sat there in the hush of the gathering dusk she said to herself, “If I were a man I could have walked in here with my shoulders back and my head held high, proud for Daddy to look upon me. But I am a girl, so I come softly with a weight on my heart, and I am apologetic and I feel unworthy.”

She walked to the bed and laid her head upon the pillow and she whispered, “People who have everything and throw it away.”

For in that room she remembered the game she and Daddy had played, and in that moment she saw with painful clarity that she had no news about herself that he would like to hear.

AND she had cried for Daddy often. She had cried because never again would she see him, and she had cried because he could walk no longer in the golden sunshine laughing with her and telling his thoughts.

But never before had she cried for herself, for what she had lost.

“I have lost everything,” she said. “I botched my life, and it would have been impossible to do so had you lived. You were so wise and gentle. You would have led me the right way, for you understood and loved me. I'm lost without you. Look what I've done with myself—I who could have done anything!”

She wept stormily for a minute, then, remembering Jimmy, she dried her eyes and straightened Daddy's pillow.

She walked out of the room.

It was just as Jimmy was stopping the car in front of the hospital that Kay remembered something. In Daddy's room she had thought of herself as a fool of a woman just drifting along.

Why had she forgotten all the writing she had done, and the fact that some day she was going to complete a great novel?

And another thing: Why, while in that room, had she regarded David as a mistake? She never did at other times.

Was it because she had never lied to Daddy?

No, David wasn't a mistake. It was just that while in the presence of Daddy's belongings she was ashamed of her relationship with David. That was all.

“Well,” said Jimmy, “when you wake up we can go in. A penny for your thoughts.”

“I was thinking,” she said, “that a person should never look back and therefore should never come home.”

“Well, you'll be leaving soon. A person can only spin out an appendix operation just so far.”

“That's right. I'll be leaving soon. And, Jimmy, I don't think there's anything on God's earth that's ever going to make me come back.”

Why did that brief moment's contact with her Daddy's dead past bring such tearful remorse to Kay? Why did it cause her to leap so stoutly to David's defense? Next week's installment of this powerful novel brings her to a new crisis in her life and reveals her in a startling rôle.

Answers to Twenty Questions on Page 35

1—Judge Benjamin B. Lindsey, former judge of the Juvenile Court of Denver, Colorado.

2—Minnesota.

3—Argentina, Brazil, Chile.

4—Because the wife of Francisco del Giocondo posed for it.

5—William Shakespeare, in Act 5 of Henry the Fourth.

6—March 14, 1900.

7—Robert Louis Stevenson.

8—A paid male dancing partner.

9—New Orleans, Louisiana.

10—In early days, the corner of a church usually occupied by the deacons, who led in responsive amens.

11—Twenty-five years.

12—That bad money drives out good money.

13—A deadly gas formed by the incomplete combustion of carbon.

14—It was first used by Lloyd's (the underwriters) to denote that a ship's equipment was in perfect condition.

15—The branch of zoölogy which treats of fishes.

16—William H. Harrison, who served one month.

17—The Spanish word *juzgado*, meaning court.

18—A plot of Guy Fawkes to blow up the British Houses of Parliament in London on November 5, 1605.

19—One: Herbert Hoover.

20—It is a nautical term describing two periods, or “watches,” from 4 to 6 P. M. and from 6 to 8 P. M.

Vox

HIPS FOR HAWAII

BILLINGS, MONT.—Congratulations on putting out a cross word puzzle that puzzled. I refer to the one in June 16 Liberty, by Ted Shane. For a while I thought it was going to be years before I could learn what had waved in Hawaii for years.

A couple of " Hips! "—*N. R. Clark.*

KINGSTON, PA.—Cockeyed Cross Word Puzzles might be all right for some people, but we're for bigger and better cross word puzzles.—*Dorothy Taylor and Mary Swengosh.*

ST. LOUIS, MO.—The millennium has been reached. The Cockeyed Cross Word Puzzle (June 16 Liberty) is the *ne plus ultra* in a nickel's worth. Give us this kind each week and a satisfied customer I will always be.—*Robert J. Orr.*

CYANIDE PIE

NEWARK, N. J.—My ambition originally was to go to the Chicago Fair. Now, though, it's to fly to Baltimore and slap Henry Edward Warner's face for his Four-Star Letter, If There's Another War, Blame the Women, in June 9 Vox Pop. To think he could have had the colossal nerve!

It's too bad one of his arguments on how women could prevent war simply by refusing to have babies wasn't applied in his own case. Then there would have been no Henry Edward Warner.—*Newarker.*

PALO ALTO, CALIF.—Henry Edward Warner's Four-Star Letter on women and war takes the cyanide pie filling. He is suffering from the mental blight afflicting all pacifists. Life is war. The ancient Greeks thought war man's natural state. Darwin proved war a law of all nature.

War has been misused, of course. But it has given man room to develop marvelously fine. It is his savior. Long live Mars!—*Henry Wood.*

RADIO vs. PRESS

BOSTON, MASS.—Morris Markey in The Salaries of Radio Stars (June 9 Liberty) wrote:

" There is no doubt at all that the daily press will devise some better way of dealing with the news by radio, and force the broadcasters to its viewpoint. Indeed, the press already has launched its weight against indiscriminate and irresponsible interpretation."

Here in New England, where freedom of expression and action is traditional, the Yankee Network assumed the obligation to its audience of gathering and broadcasting news when the leading local papers discontinued their news broadcasts. The press resented this and it was necessary for radio to " launch its weight " against newspaper interference. Editor and Publisher, trade publication of the Fourth Estate, covered this matter concisely and conservatively in its issue of May 26, as follows:

" Soon after the Yankee Network news service was organized it began an effort to gain access to the press gallery at the Massachusetts State House over the opposition of the Press Association. The effort bore fruit through a decision of the legislative rules committee, which virtually gives the radio reporters the privileges of the gallery."

This admission of radio's victory omits the story of how the radio news service took its case to the listeners and enlisted public support to such an extent that the rules committee was forced to reverse the decision of the Press Association. An aroused public stormed a legislative hearing to demand equal privileges for the Yankee Network news service.—*Robert F. Donahue, Director of Publicity, the Yankee Network.*

TENTH MOST INTERESTING WOMAN

DETROIT, MICH.—I heard the recent radio address of Liberty's editor giving his views as to which ten women now living could claim to be the most wonderful of their sex. He named only nine as his selections and asked his hearers to state who in their opinions should be No. 10.

I nominate Mrs. Ovila Dionne, the Canadian woman who gave birth to quintuplet daughters. I doubt if her accomplishment can be found to have been duplicated anywhere on this continent.—*Stephen H. Knight, A. M., M. D., F. A. C. S.*

GOAT IN THE BATHTUB

DETROIT, MICH.—A. Logan's plan (June 16 Vox Pop) to solve the depression with a goat, some chickens, and rabbits sounds fine; but where would people who live in small city flats find room for such food providers?

The goat, I guess, could sleep with the baby or in the bathtub. The chickens could roost in the oven or on the window sill. They also would defray the expense of an alarm clock. And we could find a place for the rabbits in the guest room. I'm not sure that goats have wool, but if they do we could shear that for clothing and bedcovers, and if everybody got behind this idea we'd all soon be on Easy Street.—*G. W. Lightfoot.*

PS. Mr. Roosevelt: Please note.

MARINES HAVE LANDED, EH?

FAIRFAX, CALIF.—Why can't we have a story about the marines? All the navy stories thus far published are about the sailors. The marines are just as good as the sailors. Why not give them a break? I enjoyed Destroyer, by Frederick Hazlitt Brennan.—*E. J. B.*

MENCKEN AN INSPIRATION OR A NONESSENTIAL ?

WATERTOWN, N. Y.—Why not have H. L. Mencken tell us more about Schoolhouses in the Red (June 16 Liberty)? This article was wonderful. To me Mencken is an inspiration and a square-shooting writer; also the only known authority on pedagogy and its workings.—*Louis Rego, Jr.*

OAK PARK, ILL.—One of the most useless nonessential citizens I can think of is he who spends his or her time criticizing the actions of other people. Schoolhouses in the Red, by H. L. Mencken, was well written, but what good has he accomplished by criticizing the pedagogues? Why not criticize the men who hired them? Of course this is not a letter of criticism.—*Carl C. Marshall.*

PRAISE FROM A FAMOUS NOVELIST

MOUNTAIN LAKE, N. J.—Congratulations to Liberty on Brassbound. It reads splendidly. But Mrs. Bickel is better-looking than the photograph you used of her. It didn't have her sparkle. —*Arthur Stringer.*

ONE PRIZE WINNER TO ANOTHER

NEW YORK, N. Y.—Every one is saying enthusiastic things about Brassbound by Mary Bickel (beginning in May 12 Liberty). It is a grand story and soundly written.—*Lucile Anetel.*

[Miss Anetel's novel was the second choice in the First Novel offer made by Liberty, wherein Brassbound was the first choice.—VOX POP EDITOR.]

WORRIED PORTER

NEW ORLEANS, LA.—Why the very worried look on the porter's face in June 9 Liberty's Chicago World's Fair cover? He looks like he was suddenly seized with a cramp in his midriff.—*Margaret Beach.*

[The newlyweds in the picture were going to the Century of Progress Exposition on their honeymoon, and because they stopped to admire a poster of the big show, the redcap, with his watch in his hand, was afraid they'd miss their train.—VOX POP EDITOR.]

" HAVE WE A DEPRESSION ? "

TORONTO, ONT.—W. W. Westrup in his Four-Star Letter in May 26 Vox Pop states: " It is universally agreed that the cause of the depression lies in our banking system." He is hardly correct. Have we a depression? If so, only about one fifth of the people know of it or are suffering from it.

The " depression " is the outcome of outrageous salaries, huge dividends, large profits, and excessive wages to a section of the people. A man gets $20,000 salary. He can live on $10,000. The balance is put in the bank or invested in stocks or bonds. Another man draws $50 a week as wages. He uses one half of this or, if single, one fifth of it. The remainder is banked or invested.

At the present time there is on deposit in the Canadian banks two and a quarter billion dollars. Most of this money can be traced to high salaries and big wages not needed by the recipients. Some people say that if salaries and wages were cut down, the standard of living would be lowered—that is, there would be less buying. There is no reason for such an assumption.

Again, while about one half of the populace receive salaries and wages in excess of what they are entitled to, one fifth of the people are suffering from low salaries and wages or from unemployment. Further, high wages tend to restrict business activities. The building trades are in a partially stagnant

Pop

state because those who might invest in certain structural undertakings are deterred from running any risk when they consider present high wages.

What is needed—in Canada at any rate—is to start at the top and cut down big incomes. There is plenty of money, plenty of everything in the United States and in Canada; but a minority are helpless to get even a look-in. I object to the use of the word " depression " when applied to our present economic state of affairs under such an unjust system.—*R. H. L.*

GREATER THAN POE

SEATTLE, WASH.—I am only a broken-down old lumberjack and possibly my opinions do not amount to much. But that article in June 2 Liberty by T. Howard Kelly, Memorial Beyond Verdun, strikes me as one of the most beautiful pieces I have ever read, greater even than anything Edgar Allan Poe ever wrote.—*Walter H. B. Armitt.*

FIFTY-FIVE YEARS TO WAIT

COLUMBUS, OHIO—In June 9 Vox Pop, Ira Watson of the Harvard Union states that the planet Pluto " takes more than three thousand years for a revolution." The correct value of the period is very nearly 250 years. Pluto will reach its perihelion (nearest approach to the sun) in October, 1989, when its distance from the sun will be less than that of the planet Neptune.—*John S. Wolfe.*

MERINO MUTTON, PRINCESS

SWEET GRASS, MONT.—After reading Princess Kropotkin's To the Ladies! in June 9 Liberty, I wish to correct her statement that you can't eat merino sheep because they're " too skinny." My father has been operating a sheep ranch here for forty-six years and breeding merino sheep almost exclusively. We have sold thousands of them on the Chicago market and even topped the market with some. For all I know, the princess may have paid seventy-five or eighty cents a pound for some of our merino mutton.

No criticism of the princess, but just a little correction.—*J. J. Buckley.*

MORE TRUTH THAN DARROW

DAYTONA BEACH, FLA.—Bernarr Macfadden's editorial in June 9 Liberty, Criminal Waste of Relief Funds, contained more truth than the thousands of pages in the Darrow report.

I saw a colony at Lake Ashby Shores, Florida, sponsored by Dr. Copeland Smith of the Neighbor Guild, Chicago, where he placed about twenty-eight families (taken from relief rolls) each on a ten-acre tract of land, and built individual houses, wells, sheds, plowed land, all done within the last eight months. They are all happy and self-subsisting. Dr. Smith did all of that without government funds.

We need more articles by Bernarr Macfadden.—*Louis E. Goldman.*

GOOD WORK ON GOOD BOOKS

LEWISTON, IDA.—I want to compliment Liberty on publishing the very interesting information on Good Books, by Oliver Swift. This should gain the praise of all lovers of good books.—*Mrs. R. C. Boren.*

MORE ABOUT THOSE "DAMNABLE CHAIN LETTERS"

VANCOUVER, B. C.—In June 9 Vox Pop, John J. Ryan of Philadelphia wrote that he was bothered with " those *damnable* chain letters."

It's a good thing he doesn't live in Paris, France. That city seems to be the manufacturing center of such letters. During the eight years we lived there we received an average of one a month. Persons intending to live in Paris should write a big supply in advance so they can keep up with them. —*Sam Shaw, Jr.*

SHYSTERS AND GRAY MULES

LITTLE ROCK, ARK.—In May 19 Vox Pop, J. M. Scanland of Los Angeles claims shyster lawyers are responsible for the crime wave, which is just about as logical as saying gray mules are responsible for the hoof-and-mouth disease. To prove his claim he cites numerous instances where new trials have been obtained on the flimsiest of pretexts, including one where the indictment did not state the murdered man was a human being.

This letter is no defense of shyster lawyers, but it is quite obvious that Mr. Scanland is unlearned in the law, even California law. Perhaps he is a California prune man. The Supreme Court of his own state, in the case of Poe v. Lee Look, 137 Cal. 590, 70 P. 660, ruled that " the indictment, although naming the person killed, should state that he was a human being."—*Alonzo D. Camp, Attorney.*

VOX POPPERS!

Please sign your names to letters. Sign a pen name for publication if you like, but also stand back of your convictions by giving your right name and address as an evidence of good faith. We receive a lot of anonymous letters—good ones, too—but we simply can't publish them. Please sign your names.—VOX POP EDITOR.

SCREEN STAR IS HUMAN

KNOXVILLE, TENN.—One of the best articles ever to be printed was in May 26 Liberty: The Private Life of Zasu Pitts, by Clara Beranger.

I consider Miss Pitts and Will Rogers the only two screen stars who are just everyday human beings.—*William R. Goss.*

NUDIST vs. CHRISTIAN

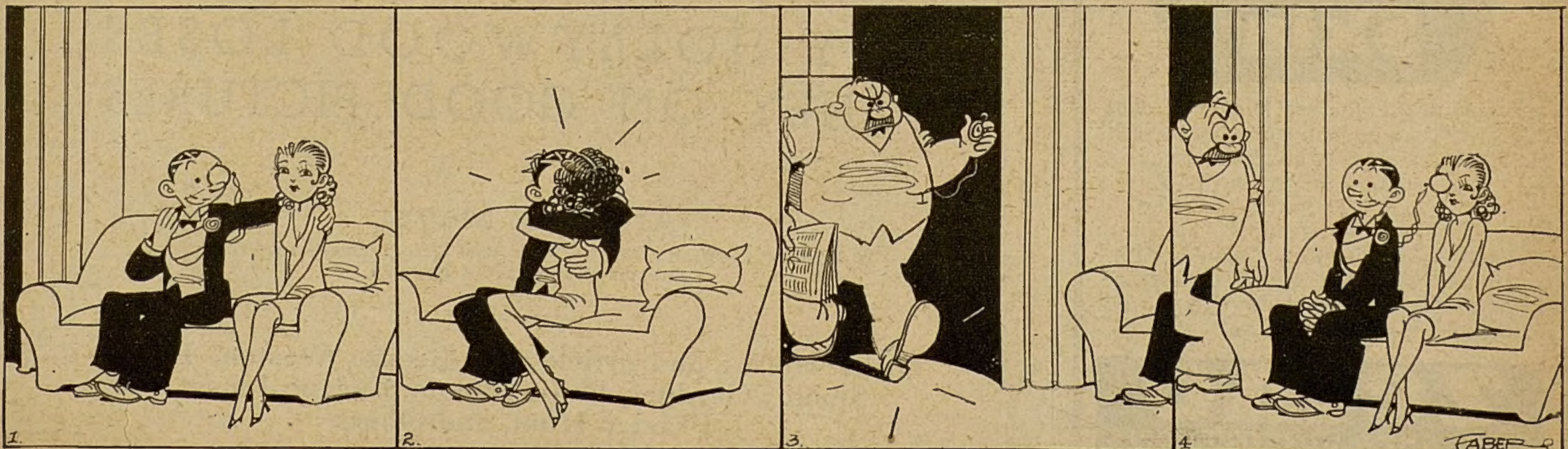
COLUMBUS, GA.—There is this difference between the nudist and the Christian. The Christian is trying to put clothes on the uncivilized, and the nudist is trying to take clothes off the Christian.—*E. L. M.*

EYES STILL SEEK ANKLES

LAWRENCEBURG, IND.—" Quite a few years ago it was a treat to males if they saw an ankle," writes Brij M. Bagai in May 26 Vox Pop, in advocating nudism. It still is a treat. Watch any group of men when a girl passes. Invariably their eyes seek the ankles and legs.

When Adam and Eve ate of the forbidden fruit in the Garden of Eden, " their eyes were opened, and they knew that they were naked." They immediately got fig leaves to hide their nakedness. And it is the same today. No modern Garden of Eden can change this, despite the shameful fact that several states allow their good names to be besmirched by their nudist colonies.

If they must show their nakedness, which God never intended, the country had better send them to the South Sea Islands, where few or no clothes are the fashion. Even cave men wore skins of animals.—*I. L. Dixon.*



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IS RED RUSSIA STRIKING AT AMERICAN INDUSTRY?

By

Matthew Woll

Third Vice-President of the American Federation of Labor

Stalin now says "Let's live in peace," but the Soviet's great strategic offensive continues. Do world events portend a new, daring gamble for revolution within the United States?

WHY HOLLYWOOD LOSES MONEY ON GOOD PICTURES

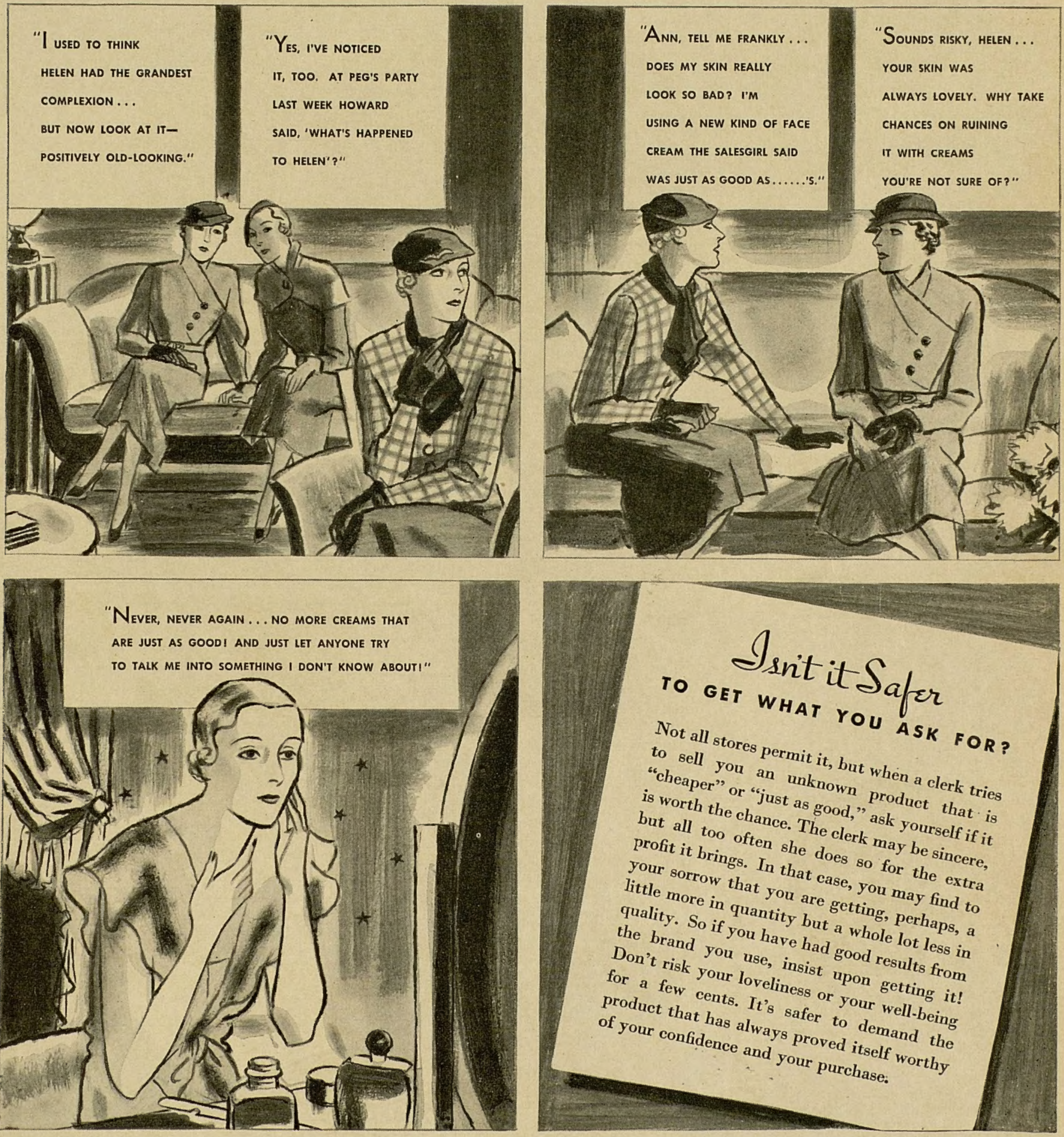
By

Arthur L. Mayer

Director of the Rialto Theater, New York City, formerly advertising director of Paramount Pictures

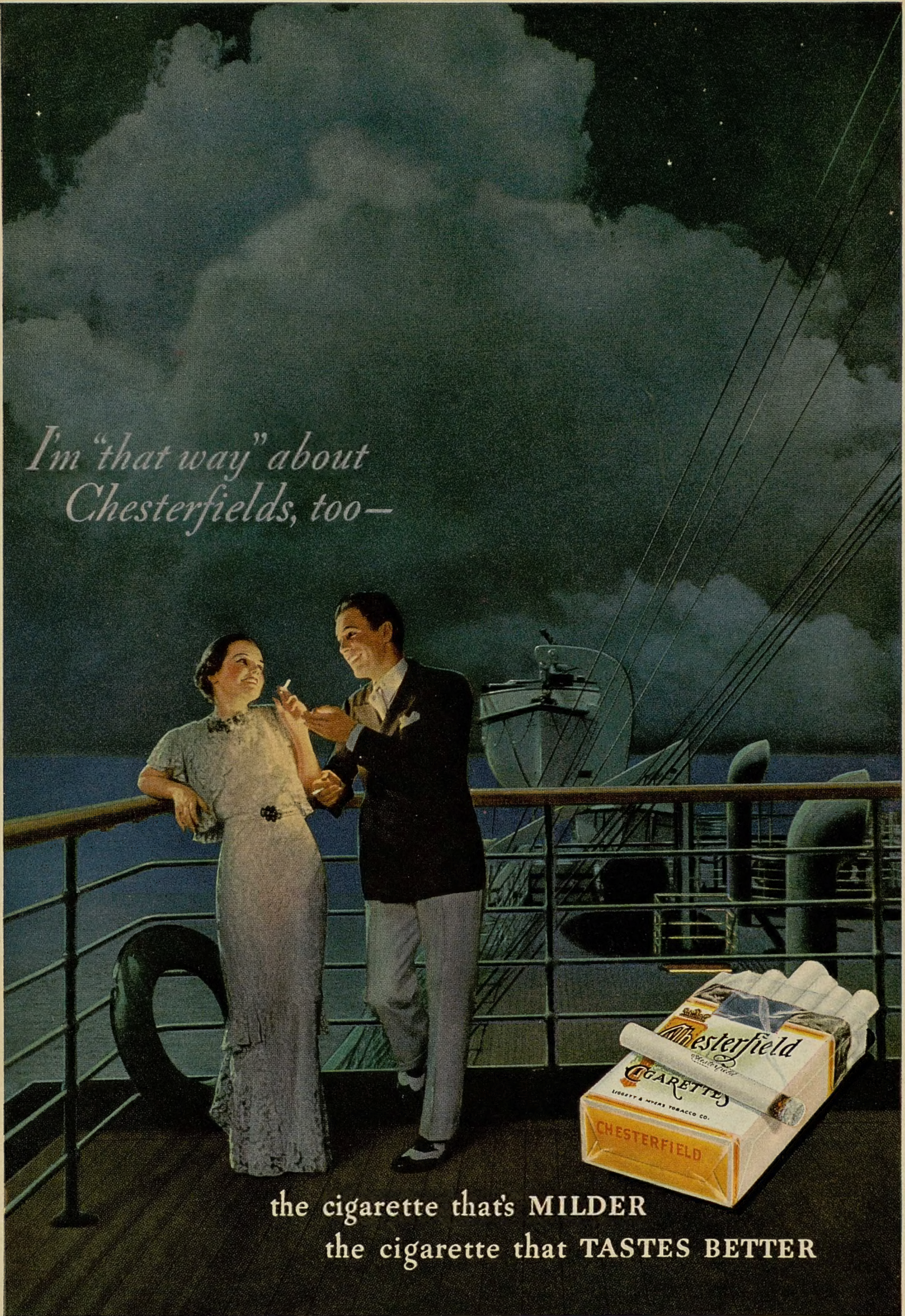
Other stories and articles by George Weston, Erle Stanley Gardner, Philip Mohun, Eugene Jones, Frazier Hunt, and others

It Happens AMONG THE BEST OF FRIENDS


"I USED TO THINK HELEN HAD THE GRANDEST COMPLEXION . . . BUT NOW LOOK AT IT— POSITIVELY OLD-LOOKING."
"YES, I'VE NOTICED IT, TOO. AT PEG'S PARTY LAST WEEK HOWARD SAID, 'WHAT'S HAPPENED TO HELEN'?"
"ANN, TELL ME FRANKLY . . . DOES MY SKIN REALLY LOOK SO BAD? I'M USING A NEW KIND OF FACE CREAM THE SALESGIRL SAID WAS JUST AS GOOD AS . . . . . .'S."
"SOUNDS RISKY, HELEN . . . YOUR SKIN WAS ALWAYS LOVELY. WHY TAKE CHANCES ON RUINING IT WITH CREAMS YOU'RE NOT SURE OF?"
"NEVER, NEVER AGAIN . . . NO MORE CREAMS THAT ARE JUST AS GOOD! AND JUST LET ANYONE TRY TO TALK ME INTO SOMETHING I DON'T KNOW ABOUT!"

Isn't it Safer TO GET WHAT YOU ASK FOR?

Not all stores permit it, but when a clerk tries to sell you an unknown product that is "cheaper" or "just as good," ask yourself if it is worth the chance. The clerk may be sincere, but all too often she does so for the extra profit it brings. In that case, you may find to your sorrow that you are getting, perhaps, a little more in quantity but a whole lot less in quality. So if you have had good results from the brand you use, insist upon getting it! Don't risk your loveliness or your well-being for a few cents. It's safer to demand the product that has always proved itself worthy of your confidence and your purchase.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